

A  
A  
0  
0  
0  
3  
6  
7  
1  
7  
2  
4



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

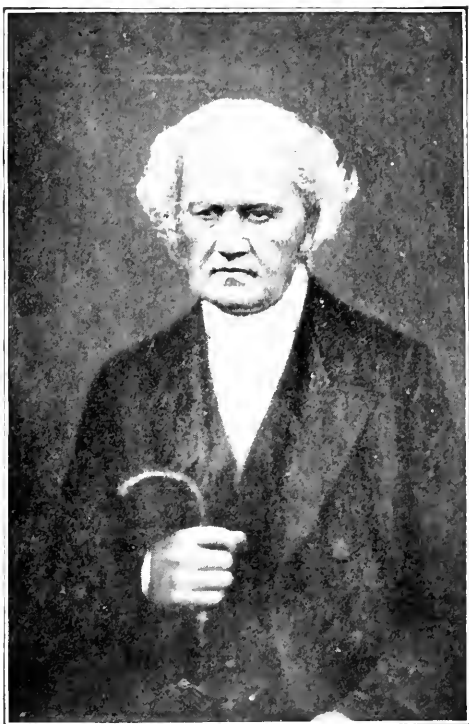




**A R R A N.**

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



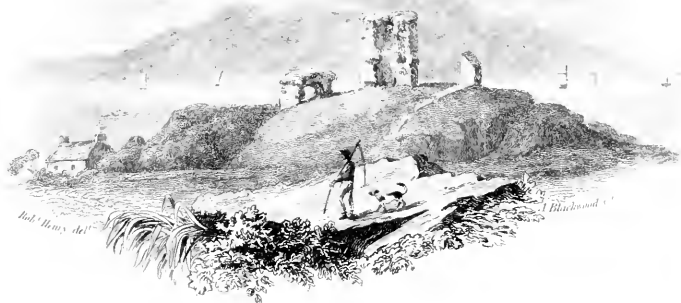


David Landborough



# ARRAN,

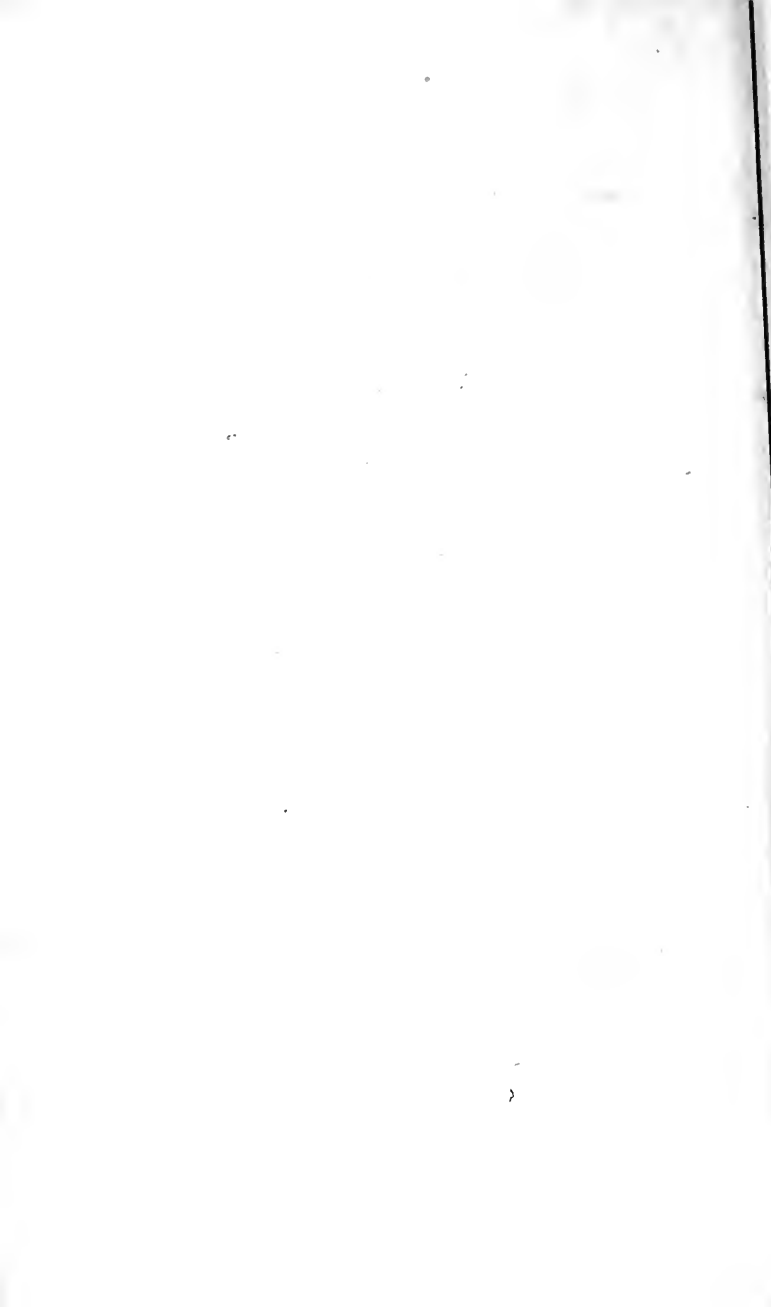
A POEM.



EDINBURGH,

MDCCCXXVIII.

---



# ARRAN: A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

BY THE

REV. DAVID LANDSBOROUGH,

MINISTER OF STEVENSTON.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH: AND  
T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

MDCCCXXVIII.



PR  
4875  
L2a

TO  
SIR WILLIAM MILLER, BARONET,  
OF GLENLEE,  
ONE OF THE SENATORS  
OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE,  
THE FOLLOWING POEM,  
AS A SMALL TRIBUTE  
OF GRATITUDE AND OF RESPECTFUL AFFECTION,  
IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED  
BY THE  
AUTHOR.

917838



## PREFACE.

---

As I was one day admiring in an *album* a very beautiful little view of Ardrossan, with Arran in the back ground, the lady to whom the album belonged asked me to write some lines under the view \*. Though one or two unsuccessful attempts to write verses, when I was a young student, had forced me to say with a sigh, "*Poëta nascitur, non fit*," I nevertheless jestingly replied, that I would try; and as some sentences sounding like blank verse occurred to me that evening, I set to work, and wrote as a description of the drawing, what forms the commencement of the following Poem. Pleased to find that I could write what at least had the appearance of Poetry, I continued occasionally to indulge in this new intellectual amusement, till the Poem reached

---

\* The view was by my friend ROBERT HENRY, Esq., who has kindly furnished me with one somewhat similar, as a vignette for the title-page of this work.

its present size. It is of a very rambling description ; for it was written without plan, and considered as ended every time that a Canto came to a close ; but scarcely had I entered the harbour, till off I set on another pleasure cruize, willingly spreading my sails to every breeze that blew, till at times I almost lost sight of Arran.

If the work should prove uninteresting, it must be from lack of genius in the author, and not from want of dignity in the subject ; for Arran, in every sense of the word, is a *lofty* theme. And if those who have lisped in numbers should discover much that is uncouth and awkward in my measures, and movements, and modulations, I can only say, that I have done my best ; and that the little work, with all its imperfections, is what "*multa litura coërcuit.*"

I have not attempted to scale Parnassus ; but I have ventured to ascend a Highland hill, as far as my untrained limbs would carry me : and if those who visit this mountain-land would allow that I have reared on one of its sunny *braes*, not a proud pavilion, but a small sheeling, or mossy bower ; and if they would deign to enter my lowly cot, and to partake of such cheer as the habitation can furnish, I need not



assure them that I would be mightily gratified. There may be little to eat but the wild berries of the mountain; and little to drink but the milk or the whey of the goats: and though this food may appear plain to those accustomed to rich clusters of the purple grape; and though this beverage may want the exhilarating power of the balmy wine of Chios, and the still more elevating influence of the limpid waters of the Castalian spring; yet, if, like good-natured travellers, they would taste the simple fare, I hope they may find that it is not altogether unpalatable: and if the little sheeling contain a single *quaighful* of pure mountain dew to enliven the repast, it shall assuredly be given with all the hearty good will of Highland hospitality.

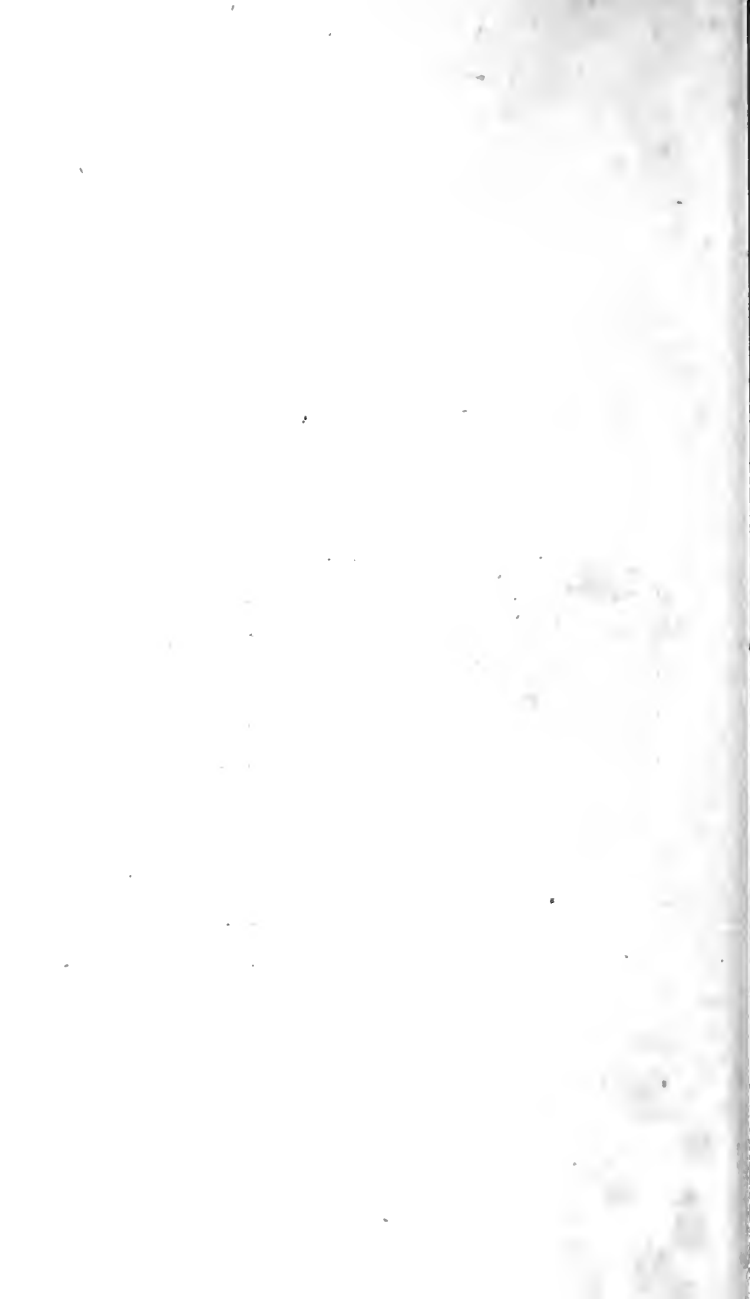
MANSE OF STEVENSTON,  
13th Feb. 1828.



## CONTENTS.

---

	Pages.
CANTO I. . . . .	3
CANTO II. . . . .	21
CANTO III. . . . .	45
CANTO IV. . . . .	65
CANTO V. . . . .	89
CANTO VI. . . . .	117
Notes to Canto I. . . . .	141
Notes to Canto II. . . . .	145
Notes to Canto III. . . . .	147
Notes to Canto IV. . . . .	153
Notes to Canto V. . . . .	159
Notes to Canto VI. . . . .	164



# ARRAN.

## CANTO I.

View from Ardrossan Manse—Ardrossan Castle—Villas—Harbour—  
Sea—Steam-boat.—ARRAN—Reasons for liking Arran—Inland  
Scenery of Arran—suited to those who love solitude—solitude  
wished when we contemplate the sublime Works of Man—still  
more, when we contemplate the sublime Works of God—The wild  
Scenery between Ben-noosh and Ben-varen—Glen-erza—The Sun-  
dew—Mercy of God—Distant View from the top of Goatfell—View  
of the surrounding Peaks and Glens.

# ARRAN.

## CANTO I.

---

IN bold baronial state thou nobly standst ;  
And fairer scene not Grecia's classic coast  
Nor the Egean Sea's romantic isles  
Did e'er exhibit. There thy castle hoar,  
Though marked like warrior old with many scars,  
Still shews his noble bearing : still his mien  
Is chivalrously bold,—though mellowed now  
By many ages of profound repose.  
Sole vestige of the days of other years,  
In antique mantle clad, like aged sire  
He views with latent pride his daughters fair  
In gay array circling the healthful shore ;  
Or with fond rev'rence gathering round his feet  
Asking the blessing which a father's heart  
Delights to give his lovely progeny.

There like adventurous Mercy's rescuing arm  
Stretches the pier into the boisterous sea ;  
Which—oft as scowling skies and angry floods  
Threaten to mix in elemental broil—  
The exhausted sailor seeks ; and having 'scaped  
The strife and peril dire, with grateful heart  
Invokes a blessing on the generous arm,  
Which with a giant's might wrenched from their base<sup>1</sup>  
The rocky hills, long everlasting deemed ;  
And reared with noblest purpose in the deep  
A surer monument of public worth  
Than sculptured bust, or regal cenotaph.

There plies the smoking steam-boat, which, with power  
Like his whose magic touch and wizard skill \*  
Keeps thus in close, but sweetest bondage bound,  
Castle, and town, and sea, and mountain wild ;—  
Brings to our homes what late were foreign lands ;  
And binds with happy tie to kindred shores  
Islands which floated long in lonely pride,  
Amidst the waters of the western main.

---

\* The poem begins with a description of a beautiful little drawing in an album.



And thou majestic ARRAN !<sup>2</sup> dearest far  
Of all the isles, on which the setting sun  
In golden glory smiles ; Queen of the West,  
And Daughter of the Waves ! there art thou too,  
Rearing aloft thy proud aërial brow,  
Claiming the homage of admiring lands,  
O'er a wide range of tributary shores.

Thee much I love ; partly I wot, because  
I've oft explored thy glens and tangled brakes,  
Where every bank blooms with the primrose pale,  
And drooping hyacinth ; or where amidst  
Her ensiformal leaves, on stately stem,  
Sweet *Epipactis* <sup>3</sup>, rarest of thy plants,  
Builds up her pyramid of snowy gems.—

Thee much I love ; because I've often climbed  
Thy mountains brown, and scaled their towering peaks,  
Where high 'midst rocky battlements sublime,  
Flora conceals from reach of vulgar gaze,  
The loveliest of her fair, but fleeting race.—  
And whence in panoramic view beheld  
Far as the eye can reach are Scotia's Isles ;

And intervening seas ; and mountains blue ;  
And fertile vales, far as Edina's towers.  
Whence, too, are seen in varied shades and hues,  
Erin's green shores ; and Mona's <sup>4</sup> distant hills ;  
And merry England's coast ; like summer clouds,  
Softly commingling with the azure sky.—

Thou much I love ; because in roaming through  
Thy scenery wild, healthy—I healthier felt ;  
Breathing the air, which breathes the hardy Gael,  
I seemed t' inhale part of that Gaelic fire,  
Which kindling midst the thunderbolts of war,  
Nerves his dread arm, and prompts his fearless heart,  
To deeds of more than Greek or Roman fame :—  
Or, when the sound of war is heard no more,  
Gleams in his glistening eye, mid distant lands,  
At thought of kindred, and of Highland home.—

But dearer art thou far, beloved land,  
Because when to thy shores I trembling bore  
Her whom I value more than all the wealth  
Which wealthiest lands, or richest seas can yield ;  
Though pale as Parian marble was her cheek,

Feeble her pulse, and sunk her languid eye ;—  
Soon did her eye rekindle ; soon her pulse  
Returning health proclaimed ; while o'er her cheek  
Life woke afresh the lovely hues of youth ;  
And soon my anxious fears were put to flight  
By gladdening hopes, and glowing gratitude.

O may we better love that Power benign  
To whom we owe our blessings ;—may we live  
By faith in HIM who died, yet conquered death :  
Then, when these villas fair, and mountains wild,  
And tower and pier are gone ; when the last wave  
Has kissed in long farewell the blazing shore,  
And sighing sunk into eternal sleep ;—  
Scenes sweeter far than these, sweet though they be,  
Beyond the grave shall open ; then the ties  
Which fond affection still more closely bound,  
Till death dissevered them,—shall be renewed ;  
Then they who meet, shall never part again ;  
But live in everlasting youth and bliss,  
With Him who is their light, and life, and joy,  
Their robe of righteousness ;—their radiant crown.

Heaven is our country then, our Father's home  
Yet He who bids us look beyond the grave,  
For skies unclouded, and perpetual spring,  
Forbids us not to ponder with delight  
On this fair earth, which, for the sake of man,  
He has with such magnificence adorned.—  
And what more fitted to excite delight  
Than what lies spread before our wondering eyes?

ARRAN, thy very name, like potent spell,  
Fills the rapt mind with recollections sweet  
Of happy hours spent on thy healthful shores,  
With those whose presence would have spread a charm  
O'er shores devoid of native charms like thine.

But thou majestic land canst furnish scenes  
Not for the blessed alone, who love to dwell  
In happy bowers, or in romantic dells,  
Where all around is lovely, and where all  
Seems to partake with them of blessedness.  
How many scenes hast thou, fit for the wight  
Who loves to leave the busy haunts of men,  
And far from all that's soft, and all that's fair,

In utter loneliness t' explore the wilds,  
Where 'midst her savage grandeur, Nature reigns.

And oft in solitude we most enjoy  
Whate'er is grand in nature or in art.  
If placed amidst Palmyra's ancient walls,  
'Mong ruined towers and roofless palaces ;  
And marble temples mingling with the dust ;  
And shattered columns, and rich architraves ;  
Bearing the deep impress of noble minds,  
Which panted long for an immortal name ;—  
Amidst these mouldering monuments of art  
Which kings might covet, and with boundless wealth  
Might seek, and seek in vain to imitate ;—  
O who would wish the deathlike silence broken  
By gentlest whisper ? or the solitude—  
Which 'midst this scene of desolation reigns—  
Even by the presence of a friend disturbed ?

How solemn and affecting to contrast  
The times that have been, with the times that are :  
Where now are they who reared these noble piles ?  
And where alas ! their proud inhabitants ?

Where now the sound of joy and revelry ?  
And where the bustling crowds who filled these courts  
Ere yet reluctant their heroic Queen  
Had bent the neck to her ambitious foes,  
And graced their triumph through the streets of Rome ?  
All now are silent, as the silent grave ;  
While we on cautious tiptoe glide along,  
As if afraid to break the rest of those  
Whom Heaven's terrific thunder cannot wake.

But if in solitude we most enjoy  
The noblest ruins of the works of man ;  
Much more does solitude enhance the charms  
Adorning the sublimer works of God.  
Who ever bent alone his devious course  
From the rough base of dark Ben-noosh \* ; athwart  
The wild and savage tract which intervenes  
Before you reach Ben-varen's † heath-clad heights ;—  
And passing bleak Glen-erza ‡, unadorned  
Even by the humblest shrub,—could look unmoved  
On the vast scene of utter solitude

---

\* Gaelic, Beinn-nuis.

† Beinn-mharein.

‡ Gleann-larsa.

Wide spread around, untenanted by man ?  
Where'er your eyes the vast extent survey,  
Which hills of every form encompass round,  
In vain you look for hamlets' humble walls ;  
For curling smoke from peaceful cottage roof ;  
Or for the trace of slightest change produced  
On Nature's features by the hand of man.  
All, all is still ; save when the savage scream  
Of eagle echoes through the lonely sky,  
Where, like dark speck, immoveable she hangs  
In the blue vault ;—or when an aged deer—  
Sole remnant of the herd—bounds nimbly by,  
And turns with look of wonder and reproach  
To gaze on the intruder. Seem you not,  
When thus removed afar from haunts of men,  
More awfully beneath God's sleepless eye ?  
Seem you not forced to meet with Him alone,  
And to hold converse with the King of kings ?  
And in the presence of the Power Supreme,  
Do you not shrink to utter nothingness,  
An atom 'midst the mighty works of God ?

Yet why should feeble man shrink from the God  
Who made him ? or conclude himself forgotten ?  
Or 'midst his works magnificent,—despised ?  
God kindly cherishes the humblest plant.  
Behold the lowly *sundew* <sup>s</sup> at thy feet.  
There first I saw it where the Erza flows,  
With gentle murm'rings from its parent lake :  
And though alone in solitary place,  
So loud were my expressions of delight,  
That pensive Silence started on her throne,  
And Echo murmured in her lonely dream.  
'Tis not the sundew's flower which thus delights ;  
Nor even the starlike aspect of the plant,  
Spreading its leaves upon the verdant moss  
In purple radiations. It is more  
The rich magnificence of every leaf.  
How splendid ; how superb their ornaments !  
How elegant their oval tapering form !  
Like precious pendant hung in Beauty's ear.  
And what the lustre of the diamond pure  
Polished by lapidary's skilful touch,



To the rich brilliancy of pensile gems,—  
Of countless globules bright of viscid dew,  
Which every spikelet of the leaves adorn.

And not for ornament alone but use,  
These shining constellations : should a fly  
Rashly presume to sip the sparkling dew,  
Or leaflets fresh to crop,—she dies the death.  
The viscous dew soon clogs her wings, and feet ;  
And soon her mouldering form strengthens the plant  
Which thus, when persecuted, better thrives <sup>6</sup>.

Is it not God who makes the sundew shine,  
Though in the lonely wilderness unseen ?  
And will then God unmindful be of Man  
So fearfully and wonderfully made ;  
And whom alone of all his works below  
He has endowed with an immortal soul ?  
Of Man—for whom he freely gave his Son,  
The brightness of his glory, who had dwelt  
In his own bosom from eternal years ;—  
Sent him in human form to a dark world  
To rescue sinners from undying woe ;—

To wash them in his own atoning blood,  
That with unfading brightness they may shine,  
Even as his chosen jewels, in the day  
When of the travail of his soul, he sees  
The precious fruit,—and sees well satisfied.

And wilt thou flee, then, from the face of God,  
Or seek to shun the great Deliverer?  
True, thou hast sinned against Him,—deeply sinned;  
But when he sent his Son to this lost world,  
Opened he not a channel by his death,  
Through which abundantly his grace might flow?—  
In the deep solitude where now thou standst  
By Heaven o'er-canopied, by hills inclosed,  
Hold, then, sweet converse with the Lord thy God.  
Believing in his Son, to thee he'll prove  
The kindest Father, and the surest Friend.  
In dangers He will round encompass thee;  
In darkness He will guide thy wandering steps;  
He'll keep thee as the apple of his eye;  
He'll lead thee safely through the wilderness;  
He'll comfort thee 'midst Jordan's troubled waves;

And bring thee to Immanuel's happy land,  
Where thou shalt reign with Christ for ever more.

If on the barren moor of wide extent,  
The wanderer's mind is led to solemn thought,—  
What are his feelings, when with eager step  
He scales the peaks of Goatfell, and beholds  
Within the extensive circuit of his gaze,  
Not Caledonia's hills and vales alone ;  
But the green margin of the Emerald Isle ;  
And England's blue and distant boundaries ;  
And wide extent of island-sprinkled sea,  
Cast like a severing gulf 'twixt neighbouring lands,  
Till made by dexterous art of daring man,  
The happy link uniting shore to shore.

But wilt thou, pilgrim, chain thy wondering gaze  
To distant lands, however rich and fair,  
When round the pinnacle thy steps have gained,  
Is spread a matchless congregated mass,  
Of rugged, wild, stupendous scenery ?  
Look from the giddy height of proud Ben-Ghoil \*

---

\* Goatfell. *Gael.* Gaoth-bhein, mountain of winds.

Adown the rugged cliffs precipitous,  
Into the dark, and deep, and narrow chasms,  
Those gulfs obscure, which from each other part  
This vast assemblage of gigantic hills ;—  
Look at the craggy peaks which rise around ;—  
At the huge fragments of primeval rock,  
Those vestiges of elemental war,  
Which scattered lie ; the awful monuments  
(As from remains organic some affirm)  
Of former world, which God laid desolate ;—  
Though how, or why, or when, we vainly guess,—  
But by that plastic power at first employed,  
When out of nothing he the fabric reared,—  
Modelled anew the rude chaotic mass,  
Into a suitable abode for man ;  
Teaching our frail and transitory race,  
That He who from the wreck of ruined world,  
Could fashion this fair earth we now possess ;  
Can from the dust our earthly frame upraise,  
No more to be a tenement of clay,  
But a fair palace fitted up by Christ,

Meet habitation for the ransomed soul

He died to rescue, and delights to bless.—

If with clear atmosphere, and cloudless sky

Thou 'st reached the summit of the sea-girt isle,

Well may'st thou look astonished at the scenes

Of wild magnificence that spread around.—

But not in hour serene of cloudless day,

When not a breath is felt of Zephyr bland,—

In mightiest grandeur do these wilds appear.

Visit these alpine heights when the dark sky

And hazy atmosphere have cast a veil

On all the distant scenes ; when even the sea

Circumfluent, and winding shores, are hid ;

When the blast howls among the mountain caves,

And the forked lightning from the murky clouds,

Which float like lurid smoke through the deep chasms,

Wrathfully flashes ;—and the thunder's roar

Growling reverberates from cliff to cliff ;—

Then view the scene terrific, and confess

That aught so awfully sublime till now

Thine eyes have never looked on. Think'st thou not

Of that dread hour when God to Moses spake  
From the thick darkness which his glory veiled,  
When Sinai smoked and trembled ; and when struck  
With holy awe, assembled Israel shrunk,  
Afraid to listen to the voice of God ?

Or if less holy musings fill thy mind—  
Dost thou not think before thee realized  
The bold imaginings of Eden's bard  
Pourtraying Satan and his rebel host ?  
'Mid the dread horrors of the burning lake ?  
Seem not the rugged hills, obscurely seen,  
Like fallen angels, even in ruins grand,  
Their heads uplifting from the fiery gulf ;—  
Gathering around their Chief in sullen pride,  
Prepared to follow him in fierce array,  
To blast the bloom of Paradise ; to spread  
A cloud of darkness o'er the infant world,  
And, but for love and mercy infinite,  
To wrap in woe the destinies of man.

# ARRAN.

CANTO II.

Ruins of a Cottage in Glen-Rosa seen from the top of Goatfell—once inhabited by Norman and Mary—who had become attached to each other at Brodwick School.—Norman, when a stripling, goes to an Uncle in East-Lothian.—His Uncle dies.—Norman returns—is married to Mary—their happiness during the Summer and Autumn.—Winter—first mild—then stormy—Snow-storm—Norman, and his dog Oscar, go to look after the Sheep—do not return—Mary and Martha go in search of them—hear Oscar—find Norman—Catastrophe—Conclusion.



## CANTO II.

THOUGH sweet is solitude mid alpine wilds,  
At noon, or smiling morn, or balmy eve ;  
Yet who would live alone ? Who from these heights  
Does not, ere long, his wistful gaze direct  
In search of home,—of that endeared abode,  
Where all the kind affections fondly dwell ;  
Where tastes the heart its richest feast of love ;  
While 'midst the overflowings of regard,  
Eye speaks to eye, and heart to heart responds.

Pilgrim, though wide o'er hill and dale and sea  
Have ranged thine eyes ; at last they seem to fix  
On sweet Glen-Rosa, now perchance thy home,—  
Thy temporary home, as mine it was  
When first I scaled the summits of Ben Ghoil.  
Yet ere thou downward wend o'er rocks on rocks,

Primeval wildly piled ; and farther down  
Through richly blooming heath, and fragrant *gale*\*,  
The myrtle of our wilds ;—approach the verge  
Of that dread precipice ;—with care approach,—  
For one false step,—and downwards you are hurled,  
Dashing from cliff to cliff. Athwart the chasm  
Cast your exploring eyes to yon green point,  
Which near Glen-Rosa, slopes into the brook.  
See you these grassy mounds, where now the lambs  
Career in sportive gambols ? There<sup>1</sup>, once dwelt  
In love, and peace, and joy, a youthful pair ;—  
NORMAN and MARY ; to each other bound  
In wedlock's happy ties ;—happy indeed,  
When hearts they closer bind, whom changeless love,  
Springing from piety and well-proved worth,  
Has closely knit before. To Brodwick school,  
In life's bright morn, together they had gone.  
He in Glen-Sherig dwelt † ; she in Glen-Shant ‡ ;  
And soon he learned to mark at morning-tide

---

\* Myrica gale.

† Gleann-scarbhaig.

‡ Gleann-sian.

When from the height, on which her home was placed,  
Bounding like mountain kid, or gentle fawn,  
She sought the crystal brook, along whose banks,  
With hazel and with honeysuckle fringed,  
Lay the sweet winding path-way to the school.  
That path he also sought, for even then  
Had little modest MARY's mild dark eyes,  
Beaming with kindness, touched young NORMAN's heart.  
And could she *him* without some love regard,  
Who proved her friend in every time of need ?  
O could she fail to love the blue-eyed boy,  
Who smiled so sweetly, when she blushing rose,  
By better scholarship, above her peers ?  
Could she but love him, when for her he plucked  
The earliest primrose from the lap of spring ;  
And searched with care each bank and bushy dell,  
That he might shew her, where, in verdant thorn,  
The mellow blackbird, and the mottled thrush,  
Had built their artful nests ? or scaled the cliffs,  
And thence rejoicing, to his MARY bore,  
The juicy blaeberries, with azure tinge,  
Or crystals of the rock, a richer prize ?

But schoolboy's happy days passed fleetly by,  
And NORMAN,—now a stripling stout become,—  
Was sent to aid in his declining years,  
An uncle, who had left his native isle,  
And near Tantallan, on the eastern coast,  
As farmer, had for many years sojourned.  
There youthful NORMAN lent his willing aid,  
With Highland ardour, on that distant shore,  
Engaged in labours of the fertile field :—  
Yet when from old Tantallan's mouldering walls  
He viewed the Bass<sup>2</sup>, amid the restless waves,  
Oft did he think of Ailsa's towering craig ;—  
Of Arran's neighbouring shore ;—of home, and friends  
He there had left behind ;—and most of all  
Of *her* whose modest looks, and winning smile,  
Whose native graces, and whose artless charms,  
Nor time nor distance from his heart effaced.

Years passed away ; and every passing year  
Added to NORMAN's stature ;—added, too,  
To all the graces of the inward man.  
Early he learned, beneath the natal roof,  
To love and reverence his father's God ;

And to acknowledge HIM in all his ways,  
Who came the lost to seek and to restore :  
And what he early learned, his aged friend,  
With ceaseless zeal did cherish in his breast ;—  
His only wish that still his brother's boy  
Who loved him as a son, and whom he loved  
With all the fondness of a father's heart,  
Should seek the Lord, and walk still in the truth.

But time, which brought the youth to man's estate,  
Brought down his pious uncle to the grave.  
He died in joyful hope, and dying left  
All he possessed to his adopted son.  
His riches, though not great, were yet enough  
To stock a farm in his own Highland isle.  
To that beloved isle with haste he hied ;  
And opportunely came t' obtain the farm,  
Which from these heights, at present you behold.  
But did this farm then occupy his thoughts,  
When from the adjacent coast, upon his view  
Arran's blue hills in Alpine grandeur rose ?  
Was it for this he chid the lagging winds,

As if in spite, they kept him on the sea?  
More generous feelings reigned within his breast.  
Seven years had passed since he had left the isle ;  
And glad he was that time had wrought such change,  
That none him recognized on reaching land ;  
So that unstopped by greetings, quick as thought  
He hasted on. Glen-sherig first he sought :  
Nor halted, till he gained the sweet abode  
Of the kind parents whom he dearly loved ;  
And rushed into their arms ; and with the thrill  
Of filial rapture, felt their blissful tears  
Of love, and joy, drop on his youthful cheek.  
But yet ere long, he stole from them away ;  
And crossed the stream ; and on the wings of love,  
Flew to Glen-shant. Yet when Glen-shant he reached,  
His courage failed ; his breathing became quick !  
And at the threshold of the well-known door,  
A while he trembling stood, ere he durst knock.  
At last he knocked ; and who the door should ope,  
But his own darling MARY, blithe, and fair,  
In all the blooming beauty of nineteen.

He gazed in rapture, for she lovelier was,  
Than even his lively fancy had portrayed,  
Either in sleeping or in waking dreams.  
Nor less, I ween, was MARY's inward joy ;  
Though maiden modesty allowed her not  
To utter all she felt. At once she knew  
His fascinating smile ; at once she saw—  
Though o'er the pleasing features of the boy,  
The lapse of years had spread the higher charms  
Of riper intellect, and moral worth ;  
Though time had changed the stripling of fifteen  
Into the handsome man ; at once she saw  
That still unchanged his warm affections were,  
And still unchangeably on MARY fixed.  
How joyful was their meeting ! It was one  
For which their souls unconscious oft had yearn'd.  
Though love had nestled in their tender hearts  
Before young NORMAN left his native isle,  
They knew not that they loved. In friendship's guise  
Love forged his darts, and wrought his silken chains ;  
And when as friends, as tender friends they part,

'Twas clinging to the hope, amidst their tears,  
That yet a little, and they meet again.  
They met again,—but not as tender friends.  
All they, in absence, of each other heard,  
Cherished the hidden flame ; and NORMAN came  
(Now well aware how tenderly he loved)  
Fully resolved the secret to divulge,  
Which in his heart, for years, had buried lain.  
With all the diffidence of youthful love,  
The secret was revealed, which MARY heard  
With burning blushes, though with inward joy.  
Too honest and too generous MARY was,  
Long to conceal the pleasure which she felt ;  
And ere they parted, he with joy received  
The promise which so ardently he sought,  
And sealed the promise on her rosy lips.

To younger bards I leave the task, to sing  
Of Courtship's raptures and of Love's young dreams :  
Be mine to tell, that ere three months elapsed,  
The appointed day arrived. Bright shone the sun  
Upon their nuptial morn. All nature smiled ;



And hill, and glen, and sea, and azure sky,  
And all who dwelt around the lovely bay,  
Seemed in their happy union to rejoice.

The friends convened. The aged Pastor came.  
The graceful pair stepped forth : the modest bride,  
With trembling diffidence ; the young bridegroom,  
But ill concealing all the joy he felt.  
The reverend Pastor raised the voice of prayer,  
Asking of God his blessing. Then he gave  
His kindest counsel to his youthful friends,  
Whom as his children, tenderly he loved ;  
And bade them next “ join hands ;” and having put  
To them the solemn questions, and received  
Modest and meet response, he them straightway  
Declared a wedded pair ; and raised again  
His earnest prayers to God, that he would bless  
Those who had now been joined in wedlock’s bands,  
With richest portion of his heavenly love ;—  
That He would bless their basket and their store ;—  
And, more than all, would bless them with his grace,  
That they might live in love,—in love to God,—

Each day still happier in each other's love.  
His aged heart was full of holy joy,  
And warm affection to the wedded pair.  
Their parents were the choicest of his flock,  
And very patterns to the country round,  
Of all the piety, and all the worth,  
And all the cheerfulness, which should adorn  
Those who are loved by God, and walk in hope  
Of being blessed by Him beyond the tomb.  
He knew that they would not the stock belie  
From which they sprang ; and in the pleasing hope  
That years of love and joy awaited them,  
When he had sunk into the silent grave ;  
His heart within him thrilled with pure delight,  
And the big tear stood glistening in his eye.

And they were happy. Richer cup of bliss  
Seldom has tasted been, in journeying through  
This often clouded, ever-varying scene.—  
On downy wings, a joyful Summer passed  
Over the happy pair, on that green point  
Where scarcely vestige now of house remains.

And Autumn, too, rejoicing floated o'er ;—  
And Winter came ;—but rich in mutual love,  
Stern Winter was made welcome ; and he seemed,—  
Viewing the harmony in which they lived,—  
His surliness in part to lay aside,  
Smoothing his rugged features ;—and his dark  
And withering frown, to soften to a smile.

Seven months of wedded life thus passed away ;  
And every month wound closer round their hearts,  
The countless cords of tenderness and love.  
Their habits were the same ; the same their tastes ;  
Their hearts congenial were,—both firmly placed,  
With lively faith upon the Lord their God.  
Nor were they placed on the Supreme in vain :—  
He was their strength, and hope, their light and guide.  
The secret of the Lord their dwelling cheered ;  
And on their heads his candle brightly shone.

But though at first Winter came mildly in,  
And seemed to smile ;—yet who can tame the tiger ?  
When bleak December drew towards a close,  
His surly visage darkened ; and a frown—

A savage frown—hung on his wrinkled brow.  
Bedimmed and lurid rose the labouring moon,  
With halo broad encompassed. Through the night,  
The wind with mournful *sugh* <sup>3</sup> sweeping along,  
Uttered, at times, a heart-appalling howl,—  
And then in hollow moanings died away.

The morning came ;—and still the darksome sky  
Scowled with a grimmer aspect. Now the sun  
Strove, but in vain, to shoot his blunted beams  
Through the dense shroud enveloping the heaven.  
The little Robin, fearful of the storm,  
Tripped 'thwart the cottage floor ; and cast himself  
With bold and winning confidence on Man.  
The distant bleatings of the flocks were heard,  
Leaving the stormy heights, that they might seek.  
Amid the deep recesses of the hills,  
Some shelter ; but, alas ! they could not know,  
That yet a little and the sheltered glens,  
So oft their refuge from the chilling blasts,  
Would, from the drifting storm, be full of danger.  
This NORMAN knew, and knew the task was his

To keep them on the windy mountain sides ;  
As in the hollows, which he knew they sought,  
They soon might buried be 'mid drifted snow.  
This dangerous task he must perform alone ;  
For on that morn, DUNCAN, the shepherd lad,  
Had leave obtained to go to Largiemore  
His aged father's death-bed to attend.

More dark and dismal still became the sky ;  
And every symptom shewed a storm was near.  
The leafless tree, which o'er the cottage roof  
Projecting hung, by sudden gust impelled,  
Creaked mournfully. A gloomy calm ensued ;  
While through the dark, and dense, and surcharged air,  
Broad floating flakes in lazy whirlings fell.  
Amid the calm—from Macrihanish \* bay †,  
NORMAN and MARY heard the awful roar  
Of the Atlantic's wild unbroken waves—  
Sure token that a tempest was at hand.  
Pitying his flocks, NORMAN in haste prepared

---

\* Gael. Machair-shanais, i. e. The plain of warning.

To range the glen, and drive them to the hills,—  
Hoping that on the heights they safe might be.

But now a deadly paleness overspread  
His MARY's lovely face, when she looked out,  
And saw such symptoms of a gathering storm.  
O go not ! go not ! wildly she exclaimed ;  
Or if thou needst must go, go not alone.  
Take with thee thine own MARY. Thee, alas !  
She cannot succour give ; but by thy side,  
Less she will suffer from the fiercest storm,  
Than from her anxious fears respecting thee.

MARY, at present, could have ill endured  
The toil and peril which she sought to share.  
NORMAN himself feared not the brooding storm ;  
And glad he was, that he could with her leave  
Old faithful SUSAN, who had been her nurse,  
And who had loved her from her infant years.  
He kindly, then, her fears sought to dispel,  
Reminding her, how often when a boy,  
He braved, amidst these glens, the wintry blasts  
He now was called to combat, when a man.—  
Patting her lovely cheek, and from her eye

Wiping the trembling tear ; and on her lips,  
Now pale, and quivering with unwonted fears,  
A heart-fraught kiss imparting—off he hied.  
His faithful dog went with him ; midst the snow,  
Frisking in joyous gambols ; turning oft  
Back on his generous lord his speaking eye,  
Telling, as well as bark and look could tell,  
How much he loved him, and with what delight  
He went, as humble sharer of his toils.

MARY looked after them, but looked in vain :  
The fleecy snow soon hid them from her eyes ;  
And with such fears as she had never felt,  
She went to cast her cares upon her God.

The evening came,—and still the growing storm  
Darkened and thickened round. For hours the snow,  
Falling in feathered flakes, had muffled up  
In robe of purest white the sleeping earth.  
And still in countless flakes the snow came down :  
And now the blast, whose wild and distant roar  
Was lately heard from Macrihanish bay,  
Had reached the white-robed glen ; and mid the cliffs,

And mountain caves, spoke with a voice of thunder.  
The bitterness of death poor MARY felt,  
When rose the howling tempest. Resolute  
On doing all she could,—into the storm  
She with her trusty hand-maid wildly rushed,  
Though murky darkness brooded o'er the glen,  
And through the burdened air the fleecy snow  
More copiously descended. On they pushed ;  
But soon the drift, by the fierce blast impelled  
Down from the heights came with horrific whirl,  
And wrapping them as in a cloud of spray,  
Blinded, bewildered, breathless, left the twain  
Convinced their toils were fruitless ; and constrained,  
With fear and sorrow, to retrace their steps.

The house again with difficulty reached,  
With deeper anguish MARY now was filled,  
From having felt the fury of the storm.  
Again she sought for comfort from that source  
From which alone true consolation springs.  
It might have touched the Seraphim on high—  
Drawn forth their strongest sympathies, to see



That young and grief-ful female kneel to God,—  
Address Him as her father, and her friend ;  
And with an earnestness, with which the prayers  
Even of the good compared, are oft alas  
But cold, and faint, and formal,—Him beseech,  
In hour of sore extremity, for aid ;  
And under shadow of His wings to cheer  
Him whom of all below she loved the best ;  
And yet subjoining, though with rending heart,  
“ O Father, not my will, but Thine be done.”

Thus having cast herself upon her God,  
She felt in part relieved. Throughout the night,  
Oft had her ear, catching each varying sound,  
Told her of coming steps : but when the door  
With trembling hope, and eager haste she oped,—  
In rushed the howling blast with angry *swirl* <sup>s</sup>,  
Covering the cottage-floor with drifted snow.  
Still against hope, she hoped,—and longed for morn.

Past was the midnight hour,—when lo ! the wind,  
Veering towards the north, with sudden sweep,  
As if worn out,—sank to a breathless calm.

The wished-for stillness soon they marked with joy ;  
And MARY looking out, saw that the moon,  
Obscured before by clouds, and drifting snow,  
Now brightly shone. The door with driven wreath  
Was densely sealed ;—but MARY struggled through,  
And SUSAN following, a ridge they reached  
From which the blast much of the snow had blown.  
Onward they toiling moved through heath and snow,  
Raising from time to time their mingled shout,  
Calling aloud on NORMAN. No reply,  
Except from plaintive Echo, reached their ear.

Lovely was now the night. The full-orbed moon  
Smiled from a cloudless sky upon the scene.  
The hills and glens in purest robes arrayed,  
The mellow smile returned ; and made the night  
Vie with the cheerful day. Fantastic wreaths,  
Now crusted o'er, sparkled with icy gems ;  
And the peaked summits which inclosed the glen,  
Towered with a nobler grandeur, than in days  
When summer suns, their radiant cliffs adorn.  
But MARY's heart was dead to every joy ;

Or if the loveliness around was felt,  
It was because her dying hopes it cheered.

Onward they struggling went. At last they seemed  
The distant howlings of a dog to hear.

Could it be Oscar ? " Oscar, Oscar," both  
At once exclaimed ; and hurried quickly on.

Oscar indeed it was ; and soon he came,  
In answer to their cry ; but not with joy,

As he at MARY's call was wont to come ;

But, as with grief oppressed ; and by his whines  
Seeming to urge them to press on with speed.

Tracing, with woe and fear, their mournful guide,

A place at last they reached called MARY's Grot :

So called by NORMAN, as his MARY there

Under a pendent rock's refreshing shade,

Had often met with him in summer eve,

As from his rural labours he returned.

Filled was the grot with snow, and but the peak

Of the projecting rock could now be seen.

On drawing near, poor Oscar's plaintive whines

Again they heard ; and saw the faithful dog,

With all his might, scraping away the snow ;  
While with his teeth, he ever and anon,  
Tugged at same chequered raiment. 'Twas the plaid,  
The well-known tartan plaid, which NORMAN wore  
When he his MARY left ! All hope then died :  
Yet MARY forward sprang, and cleared away  
The snow which hid the face :—and gave a shriek  
On seeing it was NORMAN'S. Straight his lips—  
Now pale as marble—she in anguish kissed,  
But found them colder than the frozen snow ;  
And saw with grief, no language can describe,  
That she embraced her NORMAN'S lifeless corpse !  
One heavy sob she heaved ;—one mournful groan ;—  
Then raised her eyes to Heaven and praying, said,  
“ Father into thy hands”—but on her lips  
Died the unfinished prayer ;—and falling back  
Into her SUSAN'S arms—she breathed her last !

Their light is gone ; the vital spark is fled ;  
Yet weep not, weep not. Though their sun ere noon  
In darkness has gone down ; think not their light  
Has perished. No ; their light, which while on earth

Shone with so mild a ray, now shines above  
With splendour more refulgent than the sun ;  
Shines too unclouded, near the holy source  
Of light and life, where nothing intervenes  
Its beams to dim, its radiance to eclipse.  
And think not that in utter solitude  
They sank unseen, unheeded, save by her  
Whose wailings rent the air ; and by the dog,  
Whose plaintive moanings, and whose piteous howl,  
Even of a savage would have touched the heart.  
Think not that died, this young and pious pair,  
By Him forgotten whom they humbly served.  
He kept them as the apple of His eye,  
Even when they seemed forsaken. Not alone  
They were, in seeming solitude profound ;  
For had their eyes in midst of their distress,  
As by the ancient prophet, opened been ;  
They would have seen the mountains and the glens  
Full of the heavenly host, with countless throng  
Of horses, and of chariots of fire.\*

---

\* 2 Kings, chap. vi. ver. 11, &c.

They would have heard, had opened been their ears,  
Not lamentations raised ; but anthems loud,  
And halleluias of joy and praise ;—  
Of praise to HIM who rescued dying souls ;  
Of joy—that two their pilgrimage had closed,  
And were about to pass within the veil,  
And be, like them, for ever nigh to God.  
Fair was the land they left,—but O how fair  
Immanuel's land in which they were to dwell !  
Sweet was the life they led while here below ;  
But sweeter, happier far, that endless life,  
On which amidst the welcomings of Heaven  
They now would enter ; Him to see in peace,  
Whom, when unseen, they loved ; in whom, now seen,  
With joy unspeakable they would rejoice ;  
The blessed end obtaining of their faith,  
Even the salvation of their ransomed souls.\*

---

\* 1 Peter, chap. i. ver. 8, 9.

# ARRAN.

CANTO III.

View of Brodwick.—Arran Castle.—Glen-rosa.—Lamlash.—Holy Isle.  
—Bay of Lamlash after a Storm.—Eucharist at Lamlash.—Sabbath Morning—Family Devotions—Going to Church—Service in the Church—Communion—Service in the Church-Yard in Gaelic—Praise of the Gaelic Language—Psalms sung by the multitude.—Ship at Sea—The sacred Music heard by the Sailors—By a sailor, a native of Arran—His mingled feelings of Joy and Sorrow.



## CANTO III.

BUT let us now forsake these airy heights,  
These peaks pyramidal of mountains wild.  
Rugged as yet has been our path, and steep ;  
But softer, sweeter scenes await us now,  
While we perambulate with easy step,  
The well-sunned scenes which smile upon the sea.

To Brodwick, then, our sloping path directs ;  
To Brodwick—best beheld,—not from the heights,—  
But from the bosom of her lovely bay,  
Or from the verdant villa-studded shore.  
See amidst trees embosomed which have braved  
The fiercely rushing blasts of hundred years,  
Her ducal tower <sup>1</sup> ; the scene indeed adorning,  
But by the scene, itself still more adorned.

Trace thence Glen-rosa, as like Beauty coy  
Softly retiring with most winning grace,  
She winds her way amidst romantic hills,  
Till lost in deepest, wildest solitudes,  
She hides herself from the admiring eye.  
Mark, too, the heath-clad heights and peaks sublime  
Which this famed bay in Alpine pride surmount ;—  
Survey the whole ;—and if unmoved you look,  
Then turn your eyes from Nature's fairest scenes ;  
For to the grand and sweet and beautiful  
Your soul is blind, your heart is dead and cold.

But if to Nature's loveliness alive ;—  
Turn your exploring eyes to sweet LAMLASH :  
And though her charms are of a different kind,  
'Tis such a difference as in sisters fair  
Of graceful family, well pleased we find.  
View then the Bay by the majestic cone  
Of HOLY ISLE<sup>2</sup>, secure and peaceful made :  
And though we breathe no superstitious prayer  
To sainted hermit, who of old abode,  
Where still are seen his well and rocky cave ;

Shall we not **HIM** adore, whose potent hand  
Placed this stupendous bulwark in the deep,  
'Gainst which the waves might spend their idle rage,  
While safe behind the Isle in peaceful lake,  
The' weather-beaten ships, cheating the storm,  
Might find a hiding-place and refuge sure ?  
And pleasant sight it is to view this Bay,  
When after days of elemental strife  
A morning blithe ensues<sup>3</sup>. Then all is joy  
And cheerfulness throughout the crowded Loch.  
Then all the vessels tight, that lately lay  
Close reefed and moored, prepare for issuing forth,  
To stem, if *home* is sought,—the winding Clyde ;  
If foreign shores,—to plow the toiling main.  
Then the spread canvass courts the swelling breeze ;  
And from each busy deck the sailors' voice  
Is heard in merry cheerings ; merrier far  
From recollection of the recent storm.  
Then joyous are they like yon heath-fowl gay  
Which now in bold careerings play around ;  
Though not an hour has past since all were mute,

And all among the heath close cowering lay,  
As over them the fierce and greedy kite,  
With keen exploring eye, rapacious hung ;  
Ready, if aught revealed their lurking place,  
To pounce with deadly swoop upon his prey.

Yes, it is pleasant sight to view this Bay,  
When thus it proves a shelter from the blast,  
Where weather-beaten ships find refuge sure.  
But scene more striking still upon the beach  
Is yearly seen, when Eucharist returns  
To bless and gladden the assembled Isle.  
Never can I forget the solemn scene  
Which on Communion-day I here beheld,  
When thousands met in memory of Him  
Whom bold Isaiah glowingly described  
As hiding-place from the assailing wind,  
And covert from the raging tempest's power :  
As cooling streams in dry and thirsty place,  
Or shade of mighty rock in weary land.

With cheerful light shone forth the smiling sun,  
When came the Sabbath morn of holy rest.

All Nature rested on that blessed morn ;  
Not with the listlessness of torpid sloth,  
But beaming peace, as if that morn restored  
Part of that joy which brightened Nature's face  
When the Creator cast upon his works  
A look benignant, and pronounced them good.  
Rested the sea ;—yet did the sea proclaim  
Her tranquil bliss, as she returned the smile  
Diffused on her from Heaven's propitious eye.  
Rested the winds ; and yet the zephyrs bland  
Whispered their happiness in accents sweet ;  
Or held soft converse with the peaceful waves  
Which played in gentlest rippings on the shore.  
Rested the fleecy clouds on mountain tops ;—  
And yet the clouds prepared to fade away,  
And leave in spotless purity the sky.  
Rested the village neat ; and all around  
The humble house of God, was calm repose,  
The sweet tranquillity of Sabbath morn.

But not in sleep on hallowed morn were sunk  
The families of men throughout the Isle.

From many an humble dwelling early rose  
The voice of prayer and praise to Jacob's God :  
And many a heart in secret heaved the sigh  
To HIM who hears, well pleased, the sigh contrite :  
And many a father with his children dear,  
And one still dearer than the dearest child,  
Had bent the knee to God, and humbly asked  
That He in midst of them would deign to dwell,  
And bless his people with a Father's love ;  
And having brought them to the holy feast  
As welcome guests in wedding-robe arrayed—  
With hidden manna feed their hungry souls  
And on their hearts as Hermon's dew descend 4.

At early hour these orisons were raised ;  
For though contiguous to the house of God  
Some of the people were ; more dwelt remote,  
Who first must traverse many a weary mile  
To reach the altar of the Lord they love.  
Even like the gathering of old Israel's tribes  
From lands remote when passover was kept,  
This Highland Isle poured forth her numerous clans,

To worship HIM who deigns in humblest fane,  
On wildest shore, to meet the upright in heart.  
From every glen a living stream came forth ;  
From every hill numbers came pouring down,  
Like mountain torrents flowing to the main.  
These various streamlets mingling as they flowed,  
Seemed swollen rivers as they near approached  
The common centre where they longed to meet.  
Nor was there bustle, nor unseemly noise  
In this mixed multitude which moved along.  
In quiet family groups they often moved ;  
The parents slowly rode : with cheerful step  
Their offspring clustered round like body guard ;  
While beamed affection from each youthful eye,  
And every aged countenance expressed  
Parental tenderness and holy love.  
Nor was there awe unmingled, as approached  
The gathering multitudes the house of prayer  
At last 'tis reached by all the peaceful throng,  
And having ranged their steeds upon the beach,  
In crowds they hasten now to enter in <sup>s</sup>

O who shall tell the solemn state of mind  
With which the worshippers drew near to God ;—  
Describe the mingled love, and fear, and joy,  
With which they raised the voice of prayer and praise ?  
Or rightly paint the feelings tender—deep,  
With which they listened to the pastor's voice,  
When from the holy book the text he read,  
*“ For Christ our passover is slain for us \* ? ”*  
Who shall their breathless interest portray,  
While he the tables fenced † ; by Heaven's command  
Debarring all the thoughtless and profane :  
But urging all who truly love the LORD,—  
Who love Him as their Master and their Friend,  
And yet lament they do not love him more,—  
Now to draw near to Him, the bruised reed  
Who does not break, nor quench the smoking flax ?  
Or who shall tell the workings of their souls,  
When rev'rently he put into their hands  
The affecting symbols of the love of CHRIST,

---

\* 1 Cor. v. 7.

† To fence the tables ; i. e. to set a fence round the communion tables, is an expression which needs no explanation in Scotland.



When for our sakes He drank the cup of wo,  
And dying bought us with His precious blood ?  
And can there be a more affecting sight  
Than youth, and middle-age, and hoary eld,  
In slow procession, and with hearts devout,  
Advancing to the Table of the Lord,  
And as they go, raising the voice of praise,  
Singing the hallowed and the well-known strain,  
“ O thou my soul bless God the Lord, and all  
That in me is be stirred up, His name,  
His holy name, to magnify and bless \*.”  
And having tasted of the rich repast,  
And seen that truly gracious is the Lord ;—  
Slowly retiring with the song of praise,  
To Him “ who lov’d their souls ; redeem’d their life ;  
With rich abundance satisfy’d their mouths,  
And crown’d with tokens of his changeless love.”

Of the vast multitude assembled here  
A very handful could the church contain.  
The rest were seated in the green church-yard,

---

\* Psalm ciii. 1.

Around the Tent, from which a man of God  
In their own Celtic tongue addressed the throng.  
And think not ye whose ears this ancient tongue  
In cities only hear, in accents rude,  
Uttered by men whose life of servile toil  
Permits them not to cultivate their minds,  
And court the ornaments of polished speech,—  
Think not that truth and candour bid you speak  
In sneering accents of the Gaelic sounds.  
'Twas of the sounds alone that I could judge ;  
Yet when these sounds were uttered by a man  
Of pious feelings and of polished taste,  
And eminently skilled in Celtic lore ;—  
The sounds were perfect music to the ear ;—  
Full and sonorous—forcible, yet sweet  
As Greek when spoken with a mouth rotund.

And ne'er was scene more fit to touch the heart  
Than that in which the preacher then was placed.  
On this side and on that the hills arose :  
Above him was the azure arch of heaven ;  
Before him in the distance was the sea ;

Full in his eye the humble house of God,  
Where round the table of the Lamb once slain,  
Many were seated at the feast of love :  
And close before him on the grassy sward  
Thousands <sup>6</sup> were placed, who in their turn prepared  
The blessings of the banquet-house to share.  
Touched was the preacher's heart, and touched to tears  
The melting hearts of those to whom he preached.  
He spake to them of Christ ;—of what He taught ;  
Of what He did, and patiently endured ;  
As Christ's Ambassador beseeching them  
By all his Master's gentleness and love,  
To yield themselves to Him who died to save  
Their souls from future wrath ; to purify  
Their hearts ; and by his Spirit mould their minds  
In meek submission to his holy law.  
Then would the desert blossom as the rose :  
Or if around should close the darkening clouds,  
In darkest hour the Comforter would say,  
“ Fear not, my flock, for I am with you still.”  
Precious will prove to you our holy faith

Though 'twere but for the solace which it yields.  
By heaven's decree, in journeying through this vale  
Of tears and shadows, all of you must taste  
The bitter cup of wo. Lately has none  
With anguished soul, drunk of the bitter draught?  
Tell not these dark green graves some tales of wo?  
Sits there no weeping mother by the grave  
Of a loved child, who when we last met here  
In blooming health sat smiling by her side?  
Has no lone widow, with sad aching heart,  
Since last we met in sweet communion here,  
Closed those kind eyes which ever beamed on her  
With all the warmth of conjugal regard?

But has the Earth alone, since last we met,  
Closed on her yearly prey? Has not the Sea,  
Though placid now as smile of sleeping child,  
In frenzied hour, broken the sacred tie,  
Which bound the pastor to his faithful flock?  
The sea has lifted up her mighty waves,  
And as the dank sea-weed in which 'tis wrapped,  
'Midst Ocean's depths, cold is his kindly heart:

And kindlier heart (as vouch your falling tears)  
His sea-girt native isle does not contain.

Throughout the solemn service of the day,  
Grave and devout the multitude appeared ;  
Seeming to feel that they stood near to Him,  
Who though so good and greatly to be loved,  
Is also great, and greatly to be feared,  
And worshipped reverently with holy awe.

But hark ! from the vast multitude ascends  
The voice of praise, in sweetly swelling strains.  
Those psalms which first were sung in Salem's towers,  
Now rise to heaven from what were heathen lands,  
Amidst the wild recesses of the sea.  
And lo ! upon the sea with slackening sail  
A lingering vessel floats ; a gallant ship,  
Now homeward bound, from lands and climes remote.  
Soon as she looming neared the King's-cross Point,  
The solemn strain, borne on the trembling air  
And tranquil sea, reached the delighted ear.  
As yet 'twas indistinct ; now rising high  
Like harp Eolian's sweet aërial notes ;

Now sinking low in diapason full,  
Seeming to die away in cadence soft :  
Then after solemn pause, bursting afresh  
On the rapt ear, in full harmonious swell,  
Like voice of distant waterfall at eve ;  
Or like the organ's soul-subduing tones,  
Falling in softened thunder on the ear  
Of midnight traveller, who wanders nigh  
Some ancient abbey's venerable pile.

With mingled feelings of delight and awe  
The wondering sailors listened. Music sweet  
Assuredly it was ; but whence it came,—  
Whether from Ocean's caves, or from the land ;—  
Or from the sky serene, they could not tell.  
Glided the vessel on ; and when the Bay,  
In all its grandeur, opened to their view,  
The wonder ceased ; for soon the listeners found,  
That what had seemed the song of heavenly host,  
Was not the song of angels ; but the song  
Of the Redeemed on earth together met  
In holy festival to worship Him

Whom cherubim and seraphim adore.  
The wonder ceased ; but ceased not the delight,  
For now the strain with wildly sweeping swell,  
Falls on the ear. 'Twas MARTYRS' plaintive lay,  
So justly dear to every Scottish heart.  
And see ! the hardy sailor hangs entranced  
Over the vessel's bow ; with greedy ear  
Drinking the hallowed stream of sacred sound ;  
And from his sunburnt cheek dashing the tear,  
Ashamed that he should weep. It was the tear—  
The mingled tear of tenderness and joy ;—  
Of joy that he again had safely reached  
The land, which, after all that he had seen  
Of foreign nations and of distant climes,  
He hails with feelings of supreme delight,  
As his own native mountain-crested Isle.

But, ah ! these sacred sounds which reach his ear,  
Awake not joy alone, and patriot pride,  
But touch the tenderest fibres of his heart,  
And speak to him of days now long gone by ;

Of joys now past,—and never to return.—  
They speak to him of boyhood's happy years,  
When with the multitude he weekly went  
From cheerful WHITING-BAY to sweet LAMLASH,  
With pious feelings, to the House of God.  
They speak to him of scenes more tender still.  
They place before his eyes the peaceful hearth  
Of the loved guardians of his early life.  
He seems on Sabbath morn, or Sabbath eve,  
Or at the close of an industrious day,  
To hear in hallowed lay his Father's voice  
Raising, in midst of those he held so dear,  
The song of praise to God, who gave him them,  
And gave him all that he and they enjoy.  
But where, alas ! is now this happy group ?  
Where is the father meek, the mother mild ?  
And where the sharers with him of their love ?  
There lives not one of them within this Isle.  
One brother lives ;—but on a distant shore :  
Another buried lies beneath the waves :



His aged parents sleep in yon church-yard :

His lovely sister slumbers by their side.

He almost sees their graves ;—and, sick at heart,

Now bleed afresh the wounds which time had closed.

And the brave sailor sheds a flood of tears.



# ARRAN.

## CANTO IV.

Glenkens.—Dalry Churchyard.—The Vale of Ken.—Glen of Holm.  
—Glenlee Park.—Kenmure Castle.—Angling.—Lochinvar.—Loch  
Dungeon.—Earlston Wood.—Nutting.—Love of the country—  
Love of flowers.—Love of Edinburgh and the scenery around.—  
Midnight walk from Duddingstone by Arthur's Seat to Holyrood.  
—Scotia.—Her moral beauty.—Highland character—bravery—  
Colonel Miller---Robert the Bruce.

## CANTO IV.

A CORD unseen binds to the natal soil  
Our willing hearts. Than thread of gossamer  
Though filmier far, we own its mighty power.  
Nor yields the harpsicord to beauty's touch  
More rapturous response, than yields our hearts  
Whene'er this cord in after life is struck,  
Though earth's diameter should intervene  
Betwixt us and the spot that gave us birth.

This solemn church-yard scene might striking seem  
To many eyes, because perchance 'twas new :  
To me it charms possessed more potent still.  
The decent order ; the religious awe ;  
The air devout that marked the old and young.  
All spread in deepest silence o'er the sward,

(A living multitude amongst the graves  
Of their departed friends) feelings recalled  
By time well nigh effaced ;—recalled the years  
Now far remote of childhood, when I first  
Seated myself upon a sloping bank <sup>1</sup>  
Which faced the tent, with those whom while they lived  
I loved, and (though the place which knew them once,  
Them knows alas ! no more) whose mem'ries shall  
Ever be cherished by my grateful heart  
With all the tenderness of filial love :  
The feelings, too, recalled of early life,  
When leaning o'er a stone with moss o'ergrown,  
I traced the words, the solemn words it bore,  
And, weeping, read of " faithful martyrs slain,  
By cruel Clavers and his bloody band \* ;"  
And read again, and felt the generous burst  
Of indignation mingling with my tears.  
On hallowed ground I stood, and silver Ken,

---

\* Epitaph on the Martyrs' Stone in Dalry Churchyard, over the bodies of Robert Stewart, son of Major Stewart of Ardoch, and John Grierson, slain by Claverhouse, in 1684.

In gliding near my feet, still seemed to sob  
As in remembrance of those days of blood.  
But even in days of blood, beloved stream !  
Thou witness wert to scenes of heavenly joys,  
Even on this troubled earth. On Sabbath morn,  
Ere yet the lark her matin song had raised,  
The voice of psalms, commingling with the roar  
Of the deep linn near Earlston's ancient towers,  
“ Mournful yet pleasant,” reached the listening ear  
Of mountain shepherd, telling him that those  
Whom unrelenting tyranny oppressed,  
Were, 'midst the rocks, or in the wild wood's glade,  
At early dawn, in spite of peril, met,  
To praise with joy, their covenanted God.

Well might these early feelings be recalled,  
For even the scenery some resemblance bore :  
And though of scenery in those childish years  
I took no note, unconsciously perchance  
I felt even then its influence on my mind.  
Daily I saw the rich and fertile vale,  
Through which irriguous flowed the silver KEN ;

And rural Grennan Bank ; and Molloch Hill ;  
And lovely Glen of Holm, where Garpel pours <sup>2</sup>  
"Twixt wooded cliffs her almost hidden stream.  
Daily I saw Glenlee's romantic glades <sup>3</sup>  
With oaks bestudded, which have bravely stood  
Innumerable brumal blasts ; while, like the leaves  
Which autumn strews, the fleeting sons of men,  
Race after race have quickly passed away.—  
Daily I saw dark Lowran's high-peaked hill,  
And Kenmure's noble towers <sup>4</sup>, near which the Ken  
Expands her waters to a beauteous lake <sup>5</sup>,  
As if to shew her grandeur and her strength,  
Ere she her name surrender to the Dee.  
Daily I saw the circling range of hills  
Of every size and shade around the vale :  
But little thought I in those early years  
How much of beauty all I saw contained.  
I wist not that in hills of various shade ;—  
In glens ; and winding stream ; and fertile plain ;  
In coppice-skirted lake ;—there was so much  
To fill the heart with exquisite delight.



Yet when I chanced to pass beyond the range—  
The narrow range of what in boyish years  
I daily saw, my mind I felt impressed ;  
Whether on holiday, with tapering rod  
And fly deceptive, I well pleased, explored  
The scenery wild round classic Lochinvar <sup>6</sup> ;  
Or wandered farther still to wilder scenes,  
Where midst the savage grandeur of the hills  
Gloomy Loch-Dungeon rolled her alpine waves.

Nor with the savage and the wild alone  
Was I impressed. In my mind's eye, a glade—  
A sunny glade—I see, which well I wot  
A little rural paradise appeared.

With happy schoolmates I had sallied forth  
On bright autumnal morn, to range the woods,  
With hope of bringing home, for Hallowe'en,  
Of hazel nuts rich store. Without intent,  
I from my comrades strayed, and wandered on  
Through tangled thicket, and through bosky dell,  
Until a place I reached where the dense wood  
Impervious seemed ; yet here I lingered not.

With eyes close shut, and hat well flapped, and head  
Low bent, through thorny brakes I forced my way ;  
And when my eyes I opened, I beheld  
A scene of sylvan beauty such as since  
In all my wanderings I have never seen.  
A woodland glade it was of small extent,  
And shape irregular ; with gentle slope  
Inclining to the south. Of velvet moss  
The carpeting was formed ; and here and there,  
A little hillock rose, covered with moss  
Of finer texture, and of richer hue.  
A stone there also was, half sunk, and half  
With ivy and with fragrant woodbine clothed.  
Under its pendent front, a bubbling spring  
Of limpid water rose, and down the glade  
In tiny stream,—now gurgling half concealed,—  
Now o'er the polished pebbles purling, flowed :  
The woods around beamed with a smile of joy,  
Seeming bedecked in holiday attire ;  
For Autumn's bounteous hand arrayed them now  
In robes of richest tints, and sweetest hues.

A stilly silence reigned—save when the wing  
Of balmy Zephyr lingering as he passed,  
The gentlest rustling raised amongst the leaves,  
Meaning I ween a little to abide—  
When roused by hollow roar of Ken's hoarse voice  
Coming from Earlston's deep and rocky linn,  
He flapped his filmy wings, and floated on.  
Intranced I stood, and round and round I gazed  
In happy wonderment. But fear at last  
Mingled with my delight. Can such a glade,  
Thought I, be void of habitants? Here form  
The fairy folks their nightly ring. Here dressed  
In robes of green, they deftly dance  
When shines the moon; and here perchance even now  
They lurk unseen amidst the velvet moss.  
With hasty step into the thickest wood  
Precipitous I plunged, and at my heels  
The Elfin King I thrilling seemed to hear.  
Through bush and brake I rushed, nor looked behind  
Till by their jocund laugh, my mates I found,  
Whom with delight I joined; but felt ashamed,  
Or of my fears, or of my joys, to tell.

Though much the town, the country more I love :  
And in the noblest city of our land,  
Soon as the spring with vivifying power  
The snowdrop and the crocus called to life ;  
Soon as in rich campanulated pride,  
The fragrant hyacinth with clustered bells  
Her noble form in splendid grandeur raised ;—  
Soon as th' auricula, Spring's loveliest child,  
Breathing perfume, and beaming from an eye,  
Pure as the alpine snows near which she sprang<sup>s</sup>,  
The smile of innocence, and vernal joy ;  
With velvet tiar crowned of mildest hues,  
Reared her superb yet unassuming head,—  
With longing heart, like satirist of old,  
“ *Rus quando te aspiciam ?* ” would I cry.  
DUNEDIN, queen of cities ! if my heart  
Thrills with delight oft as thy praise I hear,  
Is it alone because in thee was spent  
The largest portion of my youthful days,  
When strove within thy venerable walls,  
My *Alma Mater* with a parent's care,  
To bless me with her wisdom and her lore<sup>9</sup>?

Is it alone because in thee were formed  
Those early friendships which, I fondly trust,  
Shall last throughout the pilgrimage of life,  
And triumph o'er the coldness of the grave?  
Is it because, with feelings which I hope  
A better name than 'Scottish pride' deserve,  
Thy streets of palaces I've often viewed ;  
Thy Holyrood, fit residence of kings ;  
Thy Castle bold, like monarch of the land,  
With all the dignity of look and mien  
Which *does* and should distinguish Britain's King,—  
Claiming the homage of respect and love  
Which justly due we own ; and which it is  
Our honour and our happiness to pay ?  
Yes, for these causes, Edin, thee I love,  
But not for these alone : thou'rt doubly dear  
For countless scenes that compass thee around,  
Which oft I've traversed with intense delight  
In social or in solitary walk :  
For well they suit with every frame of mind,

So various and so changeful to the eye—  
Here rich and soft as richest Tuscan vale ;  
And there magnificent, and wild, and bold,  
As is the most romantic Highland isle.  
But above all, the grandeur I admired  
Of that rich terraced walk, which lies beneath  
Steep Sals'bury's rugged cliffs ; or lovely scenes  
Of deep seclusion circling Arthur's Seat.  
'Mongst these at morn, at noon, at evening tide,  
Oft have I strayed, in search of solitude ;  
Of nature wild ;—of rich botanic stores  
Profusely decking these floriferous cliffs.  
Nay, shall I tell it ? I these wilds have crossed  
At midnight hour ; and when St Giles proclaimed  
With hollow voice, that of the fleeting time  
Allowed us here, another day was gone,—  
On Arthur's summit pensively I stood.  
The balmy breath of summer floated round :  
Night, stead of sable, wore a dusky robe ;  
So that the city lying underneath

Though deeply overcast, was not unseen.  
The mighty Dragon slept \*, and the pale lights  
Which over it were spread, the burnished scales  
Appeared. Downward my way I wound, through scenes  
Wild and secluded even at noon-tide hour,  
But drearier far when midnight reigned around :  
For Muschat's Cairn, and eke St Anton's Well  
And Chapel old I passed ; then cross the Park  
I nimbly hied ; and reaching Holyrood,  
Through its long arcades rev'rently I moved,  
Contrasting in my mind the silence deep  
Which now throughout this royal palace reigned,  
With the bright festive scenes there oft beheld  
In days of other years, when the glad home  
Of potent kings—scenes equalled, and surpassed,  
When he who wields the sceptre of our land,  
Entered the palace where his fathers dwelt ;  
And when all Scotland, with such shouts as made

---

\* “ The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close built, high-piled city, stretching itself out beneath in a form which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a *Dragon*.”—*Heart of Mid-Lothian*.

The welkin ring, poured forth with willing heart  
Her loyal welcomings of Scotia's King ;  
And testified that now her joy was full.

O Scotia, Scotia ! other lands may boast  
Of vales more fertile, or of sunnier hills,  
Where every rock is clad with creeping vines,  
Festooned with clusters of the purple grape ;  
Of citron groves, shedding their odours rich,  
While golden fruit, and snowy blossoms pure,  
Form sweetest contrast with the verdant leaves.  
Thine is a nobler boast, beloved land !  
Fair are these foreign shores, and rich as fair,  
But poor their beauty is compared with thine.  
Thine is the charm of mind, of moral worth,  
Thou land of heroes ; sages ; sacred song !  
Where'er we stray amidst thy varied scenes,  
Something reminds us of the mighty dead  
Whose fame shall live coeval with thy hills.  
Here, is a height from which thy hardy sons  
Destruction hurled on the invading foe.  
There, is a plain in which in open fight



The armies of the alien were o'erthrown.  
Here, in a winding glen by wild wood clad  
Through which a brook with many a wimpling glides,  
One of thy native bards, of deathless fame,  
First held sweet converse with the heavenly Muse.  
That stone with lichens gray encrusted o'er,  
Exalts its head amid the purple heath,  
The monument of one who kept the faith,  
In deeply injured Scotland's evil day;  
And dying sealed it with a martyr's blood ;  
Accepting not deliverance, that he might  
" A better resurrection hence obtain \*."  
And here in later times, and happier days,  
Some gifted minister of Jesus Christ,  
First drew the breath of life, and felt the wish  
To yield himself to God ; and in His might  
To wage with the arch-enemy of souls,  
Open, unceasing, unrelenting war,  
Rousing the slumberous captive sons of men

---

\* Hebrews xi. 35.

To spurn his thralldom ; and, as sons of God,  
To seek for glory, honour, endless life.

Rich is this Highland Isle in all the charms  
Which glens and bays, and towering hills impart :  
But not less rich in the sublimer charms  
Of moral grandeur. Feudal times are o'er ;  
But in the land of clans who can forget  
Those ties of honour, and of quenchless love,  
By which the clansman to his chief was bound ?  
Who can his pure devotedness forget  
To him whose name he bore, whose fame he sought ?  
'Twas for his chief he lived ; he watched his looks ;  
He guessed his wish ; and not as timid slave  
From fear he served, but from affection pure.  
To yield him willing service was his joy ;  
And to promote the honour of his chief,  
Or foul aspersion from his name to wipe,  
Was there a danger which he would not face ?  
Or death which for his sake he would not die ?

Though feudal times are o'er, can we forget  
That they who dwell among these hills and glens,

However destitute of gaudy show,  
Are still, when proved on flood, or battle-field,  
The bravest of the brave ? Can we forget  
How much we owe to them by land and sea ?  
Whence is our navy manned, proud Britain's boast ;  
The Frenchman's dread ; the envy of the world ?  
Not from our inland villages and towns,  
Whose swarthy artizans would shrink if launched  
For pleasure sail even on the sleeping wave.  
No ; 'midst the boisterous seas and squally friths,  
Which from each other part our Highland Isles,  
Are not our most intrepid seamen reared ?  
The sea 's their element. Their little arms  
Its billows buffet even in childish years.  
From boyhood they its terrors learn to brave,  
Steering their little boats, with dauntless heart,  
Through seas on which even veterans might quake.  
Of naval heroes, then, behold the school,  
Amongst the islands of our billowy sea.  
And should again (which Heaven forefend) the clouds  
Of war return ; may not these daring elves

Who paddle now in Highland bay and creek,  
Wield in their day our thunder on the main,  
And add fresh laurels to our naval crown?

But still on battle-field most brightly shines  
The pure unmingled beam of Gaelic valour.  
There in each corps distinct is kept alive  
The martial spirit cherished 'midst their hills.  
And when amidst their hills, roaming at large,  
You hear, at close of day, the Highland pipe  
Warbling its pibrochs wild throughout the glens,  
Till hills and rocks re-echo ;—think you not  
That that same pipe—which now in peaceful strain  
Delights the happy rustics gathered round,—  
May to the charge have led our Highland clans  
On Egypt's sandy shore ; on Maida's plains ;  
Or on the ensanguined field of Quatre Bras,  
Where in the dawn of noblest triumphs fell  
Those whom their native glens will long bewail :  
Where, too, alas ! the gallant MILLER fell,  
And braver fell not through the lengthened war,  
Nor more deplored ; for he was mild as brave ;

And firm as he was mild, and wise as firm ;  
And learned too as wise, and firm, and brave :  
His country's hope ; his much-loved father's joy ;  
The very flower and pride of friends endeared,  
Whose hearts to his were knit by strongest ties  
Of fond affection, and intense regard.  
Broken, alas ! are now these blissful ties ;  
If broken these love-cords indeed can be,  
When, though no longer by his friends beheld,  
Still in their memories he lives embalmed ;—  
When he is daily present to their thoughts ;  
And when the best affections of their hearts,  
Soothing at once, and cherishing their grief,  
Are hovering still around his honoured grave.

But now to Arran we again return ;  
And one as brave as bravest Gaelic chief,  
Arran ! once trode thy shores ; and traces left  
Which countless centuries will not efface.  
Who knows not that our gallant **ROBERT BRUCE**  
When foes were numerous, and friends were few,  
Took refuge in this Isle ? Who does not know

That those famed caves, on Arran's western shore,  
Were King's Coves called, because they shelter gave  
To Scotland's bravest King in hour of need ?  
And when we see how richly they are fringed  
With royal fern<sup>10</sup>, might not we almost think  
This stately fern delighted still to grow  
'Midst scenes once honoured by so great a prince.

Who that has visited the King's-cross Point,  
Knows not that it was King's-cross called of old,  
From BRUCE our patriot King ? Tradition tells  
That in the darkest hour of his distress,  
After a sleepless night, in humble cot,  
Upon this rocky point, his noble mind  
Desponding felt amidst his anxious cares :  
But when the Sun diffused his gladdening beams  
Upon his lowly bed,—then did the King,  
Whose ardent mind was still on the alert,  
Not of the ant, but of the spider learn<sup>11</sup>.  
An active spider caught the monarch's eye,  
Weaving her silky web. To spread her snares,  
And make them tight and sure, she sought to fix

Some of the filmy threads which formed her net,  
On a rough beam projecting from the roof ;  
But down she fell before the high emprise  
She had fulfilled. Again the wall she climbs ;  
But when the pinnacle she'd almost reached,  
Again she tumbles down. Six times the attempt  
With dauntless heart she made ;—but six times failed.  
As of Antœan breed, and gathering strength  
From every fall ; a seventh time up she wends ;—  
Reaches at last the point ; fastens the cords ;  
And spreads triumphantly her meshy toils !  
Upsprings the valiant BRUCE, with kindling eye.  
Shall I a King, nay more, the King of Scots,  
Shew less of vigour and of firm resolve,  
Than this vile reptile in her daily toil ?  
Shall she thus dauntless and unwearied prove,  
That with envenomed fangs she may devour  
The free and happy by her arts ensnared ?  
And shall I shrink from danger or from toil,  
When freedom is the prize, and when I seek  
To break the fetters and the galling chains,

By which my Scottish subjects are enthralled ?—  
With stately step towards the sea he strode.  
The skiff is launched ; she scuds before the breeze ;  
Arran is left ; Ailsa soon seems to near ;  
Carrick, the Bruce's land, is safely reached ;  
And though his father's towers the foe possess,  
He finds his liegemen true ; and by their help  
He fondly hopes these towers soon to regain.  
His plans at midnight meeting he arranged ;  
Thence, with a chosen band of Carrick men,  
By secret passes through the well known hills  
He went to sound the feeling on the Dee.  
Wild was the savage scene where first the Bruce  
Rested his faithful troop ; but, ah ! not wild  
Were the contiguous scenes he next explored,  
Where flows the silver Ken, my native stream,  
Through sweet Glenkens : for purer streams ; or banks  
More picturesque ; or richer rural vales ;  
Or happier groups of undulating hills ;  
Where, says my heart, can Scotia elsewhere claim ?—  
The Gallovidians rally round the prince,



Who leads them to the foe. What foe could stand  
The brave attack of heroes round their King,  
Fighting in freedom's cause? The Southrons fled.  
The shouts of victory echo through the land.  
The tide of conquest swells; till, like a flood  
Bursting the bounds by which it was confined,  
At Bannockburn it swept the insulting bands  
Of fierce invaders from our Scottish realm;  
And made it, what I trust it long shall be,  
The kingdom of the happy and the free.



# **A R R A N.**

**CANTO V.**

View from Manse of Stevenston.—Range of Sea-coast.—Ayr.—The Sea.—Holiday excursion from Dumfries.—First View of the Sea.—First Voyage to Arran—which proved a nocturnal one.—Musings on the Deep.—Brodict Bay at Sunrise.—Kilmichael.—Arran Castle.—A Vessel weighing Anchor.—Cheerings when she is under way.—A *sang*.—Landing.—England.—Ireland.—Landing in Arran contrasted with landing in France.

## CANTO V.

ARRAN! once more to thee I turn mine eyes ;  
And to mine eyes thou hast for many a year  
Furnished a daily feast. At morning tide  
Soon as abroad I from my chamber look  
On this fair earth, thee on the right I see,  
With little Plada floating by thy side,  
Like faithful satellite with beacon fire <sup>1</sup>.  
And Ailsa, too, I see in classic pride \*,  
Like huge Leviathan from ocean's depths  
Raising with conic curvature his back,  
As if the deep gave not sufficient scope  
For the wild fantasies of Ocean's King <sup>2</sup>.  
Or to compare things that are great beneath.

---

\* " Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig."—BURNS.

With greater things above—is not that rock  
Riding superb amidst the ambient waves,  
When the pale moon sleeps on the cone and sea,  
Like Saturn's distant orb, with radiant ring  
By telescopic eye at eve beheld  
Poised in the baseless sky ; seeming indeed  
Fixed in the firmament, as that vast craig  
Is fixed 'midst restless waves ; yet wheeling on  
With a rapidity that baffles thought ;  
And in a sphere whose mighty range in vain  
Our highest thoughts attempt to comprehend.  
How high then He above all human thought,  
Who fills that sphere, and fills the wide extent  
Of his own boundless realms, of which that sphere,  
Vast though it be, forms so minute a point !

Not to the west alone I turn mine eyes,  
Nor to the south ; but eastward too I look,  
And gladly look, when, at one sweeping glance,  
I fifty miles behold of curving coast ;  
And in the bosom of her ample bay,  
Old Ayr I recognize, beloved town,

For honest men and eke for beauty famed \*,  
And not less famed for all the kindly rites  
Of hospitality and social life.  
How grand would be the view we hence behold  
Although the wide expanse that lies between  
The Arran mountains and the Carrick hills,  
From old Kildonan's antiquated walls <sup>3</sup>,  
To the bold cliff-borne turrets of Cullean <sup>4</sup>,  
Were but a fertile plain ; but, oh ! how grand,  
When 'stead of plain, it is the spacious sea,—  
That mighty reservoir, which, from the mass  
Of crude chaotic matter, the Supreme  
Formed when he said, " Let the dry land appear,  
And let the waters which are under Heaven  
Into one place together gathered be † ."   
There go the ships ;—there the sea monsters, huge  
Lords of the deep, sport in their scaly pride ‡ .  
Thence float the clouds, raised by the solar ray,

---

\* " Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonny lasses."—BURNS.

† Genesis, chap. i. 9.

‡ Job xli.—" Leviathan—his scales are his pride."

Soon to descend again in rains and dews,  
To water and to fructify the ground.  
Thence is the moisture borne that forms the springs,  
Which from their prisonment amongst the hills,  
Bursting at last with merry tinklings forth,  
In gurgling rills warble and prattle on,  
Whispering each rosy valley as they pass,  
They hasten to their home,—their native main,  
Which with regret they left ; and where they hope,  
Their wanderings o'er, in calm repose to dwell \*.

O changeful sea, changeless alone in this,  
That thou art noble still in every change ;  
Whether with bright unwrinkled front thou meet'st  
With answering smile the radiant orb of day ;  
Or with thy mellow and reflected blaze  
Viest in splendour with Night's beauteous Queen ;  
Whether thy curling waves with sportive lash  
Steal by degrees upon the yellow sand ;  
Or, with the fiercest fury of the storm,

---

\* “ *L'onda dal mar divisa,  
Bagna,*” &c.—METASTASIO.



Dash on the sloping shore ; or chafe the rocks,  
With force terrific, threatening to o'erthrow  
What through all ages had their barriers been.

One glorious day, in boyhood's happy years,  
Distant though now it be, I still recall  
With all the vividness of life and truth.  
From sweet DUMFRIES on holiday I strayed  
Adown the lovely NITH towards the sea ;  
For reared in inland vale, as yet the sea,  
The far-resounding main, I'd ne'er beheld.  
What were the mingled feelings of my heart,  
When past Caerlavrock's towers the mighty sea,  
That deep and boundless gulf of briny waves,  
In all its grandeur opened to my view !  
With what astonishment I then beheld  
The Solway's rapid tide rushing amain ;—  
Changing, as seemed to me, even Nature's laws,  
And driving back the river to its source !  
And what was my delight when in full sail  
A stately ship I for the first time saw,  
Skimming along upon the azure tide

Like some vast waterfowl with outspread wings,—  
Some condor \* of the deep replete with life,  
Breasting the billows in the pride of power,  
As like the Queen of the cerulean main  
She gaily curvetted upon the waves,—  
Bending her course where nothing was beheld,  
Far as the eye could reach, but sea and sky !  
With steady gaze I watched her lessening form,  
Till far at sea, to Fancy's eye she seemed  
A white-robed spirit launched upon the flood,  
That wafts the faithful to Immanuel's land :  
Nay, from the waves, seeming at last to mount  
Amongst the clouds, impatient of delay,  
Resolved to steer on bold and happy wing  
To the fair land beheld beyond the flood ;—  
To dwell with Him who drank the bitterest dregs  
Of Calvary's cup of dark mysterious woe,  
To rescue myriads who were doomed to die.  
My heart was full—my youthful mind enlarged ;

---

\* The Sea Eagle.

For these brief hours of blissful wonderment  
Compensated for years ; so many beams  
Of new-born light rushed on my raptured soul :  
And when admonished by the shades of night,  
I turned from wandering on the lonely shore,  
Full many a lingering look behind I cast  
On that new world of waters I had seen,  
And all the wonders that strange world displayed.

Thee, Arran, then I knew not, though the time  
Has far receded in the vale of years,  
When first I touch'd thy hospitable shores.  
From ancient harbour in my own domains \*,  
Under a Summer's sun I sailed at noon ;  
Yet though the passage promised to be brief,  
When sank the sun behind the Highland hills,  
We midway floated on the waveless sea.  
Yea sable night came on, and still wide space  
Lay 'twixt us and the gloom-enveloped shore.  
To float upon the deep at midnight hour,

---

\* The Harbour of Saltcoats is in my parish.

Was an event unwished for ;—but 'twas new ;  
And there was something in this novel state,  
Well fitted to delight the pensive mind.  
When sleep has closed the eyes of all around ;  
When even the helmsman, trusting to the calm,  
Over the rudder sleeps ; when not a sound,  
Save at long intervals, the heavy *clunk* <sup>5</sup>  
Of the dark wave is heard against the keel ;—  
Can you upon the deck of floating bark,  
When for the first time placed at midnight hour,  
Be wholly destitute of thoughts sublime ?  
With lofty feelings, do not you exclaim,  
How grand the solitude which reigns around !  
But are you lonely ? Reigns there solitude ?  
Give but a sudden stroke upon the prow,  
And flash refulgent from the gloomy deep  
Will tell that myriads of the finny tribes,  
In silver shoals are wantoning around. <sup>6</sup>  
Dip but an oar into the briny main,  
And straight the oar drops diamonds, and the sea,  
Though when unwounded and untroubled,—dark,

Now shines like furnace full of boiling gold.  
'Tis with vast multitudes of living things,  
That thus the deep is burnished. Undisturbed,  
No light they give, and would unseen remain,  
Though the bright sun shone on the peopled wave.  
But in the gloom of night, if the rough wind,  
Or ruder hand of man, turmoil excite  
Throughout their watery realm, then bright they shine  
With brilliance far surpassing richest gems.

Shine thus these tiny glow-worms of the deep  
'Mid troubled waves when darkness robes the sky,  
Though not even seen when gaily they disport  
In peaceful hour under the eye of day?  
And dost thou think, vain man, that best thou shin'st  
When plays upon thy head the beam of joy?  
When glides with prosperous gale thy merry bark  
Along life's smiling sea ;—when not a rock  
Is seen t' impede thy course ;—and not a blast  
Is heard amidst the shrouds, save Zephyrs bland  
Discoursing music to the dancing waves?  
Alas ! the history of fallen man

Tells us how apt he is, in peaceful hour,  
To walk in darkness, heedless of the light  
Which shews the rugged path that leads to heaven,  
And if in that sad history we find  
Page so illumined that our torpid souls  
Catch from it fire, and kindle at its blaze ;  
Oh ! is it not the page which to us speaks—  
Not of proud conquerors, in nothing great  
Save in their greedy and ambitious grasp—  
But of the nobler few who have withstood  
The power of their oppressors ; who have braved,  
With dauntless hearts, their rage ; and from the land  
Have swept th' invading foe ;—or in the field  
Of battle bravely fought, in freedom's cause  
Have dearly sold their lives ; falling at last,  
By numbers overpowered, by toil o'ercome,  
And deeply pierced with honourable wounds ?—  
Or of the nobler still, who, when the storm  
Of bloody persecution raged around ;—  
When midnight darkness brooded o'er the land ;—  
When gnashed earth's great ones on them with their  
teeth,

Crying, with bigot zeal, " Recant, recant,  
Or to the greedy flames we give your blood !"—  
Instead of shrinking in that trying hour,  
Or flinching from the truth, renouncing Him  
Whose blood had bought them—whose benignant smile  
Was dearer to them than even life itself—  
Embraced the stake, and 'midst the scorching flames  
Proclaimed His praise, till their triumphant song  
Died in the raging element away ?

England ! thou hadst thy share of these dark days,  
And thy bright share of Christian heroes too.  
O'er thy brown hills, and cannach-tufted wilds,  
And through thy glens, the persecuting scourge,  
Scotland ! then passed relentless. Deep it drank  
Of noblest blood. Then were ennobled those,  
Who, had in peaceful days their lot been cast,  
Had passed through life unnoticed in the throng.  
Thy very peasants, in that dreary night,  
Rose in the scale of being. Then they bore,  
With an endurance which themselves surprised,  
Hunger, and cold, and weariness, and pain,

And cruel mockings, and imprisonment,  
And every torture their blood-thirsty foes  
With savage ingenuity contrived :  
Yea, death itself they welcomed ; nor their lives  
Thought dear unto themselves, when for the truth  
Required to wear the martyr's crimsoned crown.  
As lights in a dark land they brightly shone  
With ray refulgent ;—shone as seeing Him  
Who, though invisible but to the eye  
Of stedfast faith, looked on them with that smile  
Which brightest seraphim with rapture fills ;  
And 'midst the gloom, the followers of the Lamb  
The beam reflected, and an earnest caught  
Of their rich heritage secured in heaven.

With such-like musings on the mighty deep,  
Passed the mild night away. The morning came,—  
The rosy-fingered morn. The King of Day  
Rejoicing quits his chambers in the East,  
And in his golden chariot issues forth  
To make again the circuit of the sky.  
Arran was now at hand. In Brodwick Bay



We lay embosomed, when the rising sun  
Poured o'er the lovely scene a flood of light.  
And O ! how lovely was that noble bay !  
Oft with delight from the adjacent shore,  
The bold outline of thine aspiring peaks,  
Arran ! had I beheld. But now a scene,  
As rich as it was grand, surprised we see.  
There, with sweet grace, retiring up Glencloy, \*  
Embowered Kilmichel lurks ; happy abode !  
The guerdon meet of brave and loyal deeds,  
And worthy, too, the grateful BRUCE to give.<sup>7</sup>  
Glen-sherig next is seen ; Glen-rosa next.  
Close to the Bay, along the peaceful shore,  
From scattered hamlets, interspersed with trees,  
Soft curling wreaths of light blue smoke ascend.  
Ben-ghoil the back-ground forms ; and close at hand,  
Where slopes his wooded base into the sea,  
On a bold eminence half hid by trees,  
Which proudly raise their venerable heads,  
Crowned with the honours of primæval years,

---

\* Glencloy, *i.e.* Gleann-mhic-Chloidh, or the Glen of Fullarton.

Stands Arran's ducal palace, Brodwick's pride ;  
A hunting residence, full well I ween,  
Of which even Britain's monarch would be proud.  
I envy not the feelings of the man  
Who can unmoved behold the princely seat  
Of Scotland's premier peer, where, with mild sway,  
For many hundred years, this noble race,  
Though Lowland chiefs, a Highland realm have ruled.

Near to the Castle gate, we see the port,  
And see the quay, even at this early hour,  
With numbers thronged, who all with anxious eyes  
A stately vessel viewed, whose busy crew  
The ponderous anchor weighed. With spreading sails  
Before the favouring breeze anon she glides,  
As if rejoicing that again unmoored,  
She launched afresh into the billowy sea.  
Loud cheerings now were raised by those on shore :  
Yet, though suppressed, we heard the voice of wo  
Mixed with the cheering shouts ; and saw the tear  
Of heartfelt grief wiped from the pallid cheek.  
By the brave crew the cheering was returned

In firmer, livlier tones, as if they said  
To friends ashore—For us why should you grieve?  
Dear is the home we quit ; but on the deep  
Another home we find :—a happy home,  
When scuds our gallant bark before the breeze ;  
Nor joyless even when stoutly we contend  
With the proud waves, and struggle with the storm.

Amidst the cheerings raised by all around,  
One silent, cheerless stood. Absorbed in grief  
He seemed ;—nor seemed to heed, nor seemed to hear,  
The shoutings from the ship and from the shore.  
His form and mien no vulgar mind bespoke ;  
And to his face, which seemed by nature formed  
To beam with joy, grief had more interest given  
Than flush of youthful joy could e'er impart.  
Near to the helm he stood, and kept his eyes  
Intently fixed on the receding shore.  
Forgetting all around, he converse held  
With his own thoughts ; and as our skiff them passed,  
We heard him thus pour forth, in descant deep,  
The inward workings of a broken heart.

## 1.

Bounds our merry bark  
O'er the rippling sea,  
Sprightly as the lark  
Skimming o'er the lea.  
But oh ! I quit for aye  
Arran's lovely shore ;  
And Brodwick's bonny bay  
I never shall see more.

## 2.

Bonny, bonny bay,  
Canst *thou* sae sweetly smile,  
When I maun sail away  
Sae mony a weary mile ?  
When I maun sail away  
Across the western main,  
Bonny Brodwick Bay,  
Smile not sae again.

## 3.

Sad it is to say  
A long, a last fareweel,  
To hill, and glen, and bay,  
And friends I loe sae weel.  
But sadder sairer pang,  
From thee dear maid to sever,  
Whom I hae loed sae lang,  
Whom I forget can never.

## 4.

Hearts fu' o' love and joy,  
How could thy father rend?  
Their fondest hopes destroy—  
Their dream of rapture end?  
Thy tears how could he see,  
And yet nae pity show?  
Thy friend profess to be,  
Yet fill thy cup of wo?

## 5.

He said I had na wealth,  
Nor routh o' world's gear :  
But I had youth and health,  
And what had I to fear ?  
I had my MARY's heart,  
And richer could I be ?  
And now frae her to part,  
Is waur than death to me.

## 6.

Dearest loveliest maid,  
Since thou canst not be mine,  
I quit my Highland glade,  
In foreign lands to pine ;  
To dream of thee by night,  
To think of thee by day,  
And far far frae thy sight  
To drop into the clay. \*

---

\* See Note 8. for the air.

The close we scarcely heard. Borne by the breeze,  
Upon our melting hearts at times it stole  
In wild and plaintive wail. At other times  
It reached our listening ears in murmur low,  
And then in sweetest cadence died away.

'Midst all the grandeur of this Highland scene,  
This youthful stranger, whom now first we saw,  
And whom we never were to see again,  
Had won our hearts. Our eyes were on him fixed ;  
But soon the vessel gliding on her way  
Passed sweet Spring-bank, and soon near Corrygills \*  
Was by the shaggy headland hid from view.

At last we land. Now that from day to day,  
Our floating palaces their legions waft  
To every creek and island of the main,  
Who has not been in Arran? Erst, this was  
Achievement forming almost ground of boast.  
I know not what it is to find one's self  
In foreign land, and on a distant shore.  
Alas! I know not, though I long to know,

---

\* Coire-ghaill, or the Dell of the Stranger or Lowlander.

Even England's happy realm. Her rural scenes,  
So rich, and elegant, and soft, and sweet,  
Have ne'er regaled mine eyes,—nor has my heart,  
Amid these scenes, enjoyed the rich repast  
Of mingling with a peasantry, at once  
Open, kind-hearted, generous, and true ;  
And save the hardy Gael, and trusty Scot,  
The best and bravest that the world contains.  
Nor have I her metropolis beheld,  
Itself a world,—a world I fear deep stained  
With darker spots of worthlessness than stain  
Even dreariest lands of blinded Payanim.  
But 'mongst these spots, what shining clouds there are  
Of holy witnesses who keep the faith,  
And prove that 'tis a faith which works by love,  
Which breathes benevolence, and makes the life  
A song of praise to Him who seals their souls,  
And earnest gives of rich inheritance  
Preserved for them at His right-hand in Heaven.  
And if in ancient times, when deemed the seer  
That all had strayed and he alone was left,



Thousands unknown to him through Israel's coasts,  
Scorning at Baal's shrine to bend the knee,  
Served, 'midst a recreant race, the living God \* ;  
May we not hope that to the splendid list  
Of those who shine even as the morning light,  
God has his hidden ones, whose modest worth  
Shrinking from public gaze into the shade,  
Is little known save unto Him who knows  
What is in man ; and who will cause at last  
Their light to shine even as the perfect day ?

Though prone to stray, yet have I never crossed  
Th' ideal line disjoining sister lands ;  
Nor crossed the sea to Erin's verdant shores,  
Where kindly Nature, with a lavish hand,  
Her gifts bestows, in genial soil, and clime ;  
In daughters fairer than Circassia boasts ;  
In sons, for genius, and for generous hearts,  
For sportive wit, and ready repartee,  
For scorn of danger in the battle's brunt,  
For love of country, and of fame, surpassed

---

\* 1 Kings xix. 14, 18.

Nor by the Sassenach, nor by the Gael.  
But tho' thus kind dame Nature, far from kind,  
We blush to tell, has been thy sister isle.  
Long dealt she with thee harshly ; but at last  
She owns her guilt, and wishes to redress,  
If she knew how, thy great and numerous wrongs.  
Nor can the wish be cherished long in vain.  
The night is now far spent, the morning dawns,  
And Erin's better days begin to run.  
And Oh ! may brighter, happier ages bless  
Thy sons and daughters, interesting isle !

Nor have I crossed, though thousands yearly cross,  
From Dover's dazzling cliffs, to that rich land  
O'er which the lately exiled Bourbons reign.  
Yet what his feelings are, I can conceive,  
When first a Briton lands on Gallia's coast.  
Great is the change ; for new is all he hears,  
And all he sees—people, and land, and tongue,  
And manners, and costumes—all, all are new ;  
And all is life, and gaiety, and glee,  
And shrug and ready smile, and scrape, and bow.

But can you quite forget, 'midst shrugs and smiles,  
That, years ago but few, these very men  
Breathed not a deeper wish than that they might  
Your country ruin and your name blot out ?  
Can you believe no secret grudge they bear  
'Gainst the proud Islanders before whose might  
They sank discomfited by land and sea ?  
Their eagles, trained to carnage, and to flap,  
With fierce terrific scream, their bloody wings  
Over the prostrate nations of the earth,  
Quailed 'mid the thunders of our mightier war,  
And with the yell of agony and fear  
Fell to the ground transfixed. And can you think  
That with unfeigned affection they behold  
Their haughty conquerors upon their shores ?  
To years of peaceful intercourse, I trust,  
These vengeful feelings now begin to yield.  
Soon may they die in Gallia's gallant sons ;  
And may not British haughtiness retard  
The reign of amity within their hearts.  
But tho' each heart breathed love, yet would the change  
On all around proclaim a foreign land.

Yet strange to tell, in some respects you find  
Change not less marked, when from our Lowland coast  
You glide in packet light, with gentle breeze,  
In two short hours to Arran's bolder shores.  
When tract of sea so small has intervened,  
Not without wonder you the difference mark  
In almost all you see and all you hear.  
Lately, the Scotch, in all its Doric breadth  
And soft familiar tones, dwelt on your ear :  
But now the accent and the tongue are changed,  
And rich in guttural and in liquid sounds  
The Gaelic speech is heard ; that ancient tongue,  
Almost as changeless as the stable hills,  
'Midst whose romantic and sequestered glens,  
It has, for countless years, found sure abode.  
But though the sounds seem foreign to the ear,  
With kindly impulse they assail your heart,  
And as your own, and as your father's friends,  
Knock for admission there. This is the tongue  
Which spake your Lowland ancestors of old,  
As fully testify the Gaelic names

Of lands they once possessed; though, like themselves,  
The tongue which there they spake has passed away.  
Spake not that tongue thousands who nobly dared  
On Abraham's heights, where fell triumphant Wolfe;—  
On the Calabrian and th' Egyptian shores;—  
At Waterloo, where all were brave; and all  
Earned of their country richest meed of praise;—  
And none more glorious than the Highland clans?  
Well pleased, on landing, then, you lend an ear  
To sounds associated in Scottish hearts  
With such memorials of bright renown.  
And does not all around well correspond  
With these exalted feelings? All around  
Is Nature in her aspects most sublime.  
And 'midst the misty and secluded glens  
You almost think you see the hovering ghosts  
Of men of other years; or hear the harp  
Of plaintive Ossian, as he sings the praise  
Of youthful warriors fallen;—or pours the sigh  
Of heart-felt sorrow o'er Malvina's grave<sup>s</sup>.



# ARRAN.

CANTO VI.

Voyage in a Steam-Boat to Arran—And round it.—Whiting-Bay.—  
Ashzel's Glen.—Lochranza.—Sannox Bay,—Sannox Glen.—Fleet  
of Fishing Boats in the Bay.—The Worship of God in the Fleet.—  
Young Noblemen—Earl of Arran, and Baron Ardrossan, contrasted  
with the Old Castles from which they take their titles, Arran Cas-  
tle, and Ardrossan Castle.—Farewell to the Muse.



## CANTO VI.

YES, 'tis a painful thing to say Farewell !  
As youthful pilgrim when about to leave,  
For Eastern climes, his native hills and glens.  
At early dawn roams pensively around  
The lovely cottage where his childish years  
In bliss flew by ;—looks at each shrub and flower,—  
Intensely looks ;—traces the tiny stream,  
On whose sweet banks, so oft with friends endeared  
He sportively had played ; and feels that e'en  
To things inanimate to bid adieu,—  
Perchance for ever,—costs a bitter pang ;  
Even so the Muse, a last, a lingering look  
Takes, ere she say Farewell, a long farewell.

Oft have I passed to Arran's peaceful shore  
With prosperous gale ; but moons ago not three,  
In perfect calm more speedily I crossed  
Than e'er before with most propitious breeze.  
What would have thought our fathers when they crossed  
In open skiff, with blanket for a sail,  
Had they been told that, when some fifty years  
Were past and gone, their children, when they crossed  
From shore to shore, no longer would consult  
The aspect of the sky or winds or tides ;  
But 'gainst the wind and tide, in storm or calm,  
In darksome night, or in the open day,  
Without a sail, without one effort made,  
By strong-armed seamen tugging at the oar,  
Would glide from land to land, with ease and speed  
Alike astonishing ; and in a barge  
More elegant, and more superb than ought  
The proud magnificence of Eastern Kings  
E'er dared to hope for ? Even had their seers sage,  
With second-sight endowed, such things foretold,  
Their second-sight would not have credence gained,

And their compeers would with one voice have said,  
That such strange things could never, never be ;  
And would, for once, have thought their seers misled  
By wild vagaries of a heated brain.

But now have come to pass, what, if foretold,  
Our fathers would have scouted with a sneer.

Such are thy boasts, O Science ! Thou canst set  
The very elements at war, and make  
Their fiercest strife work for the good of man ;  
The fire itself provoke to sevenfold rage  
Against that humid element, by which  
The fire is oft destroyed. Tormented long  
In cavern dark and deep, the fluid, round  
And round within its iron prison-house,  
Is tossed. Changing in agony its form,  
It, with a force which mountains might uproot,  
Struggles from hopeless conflict to escape,  
And in the struggle combats winds and waves,  
And presses on, as if from change of place  
Relief might spring. But still the foe fast clings,  
Even like the greedy vulture of remorse,

Nestling within the heart, and gnawing there.  
Yet though the strife is ceaseless, those around  
As little heed these dire intestine broils,  
As the Sicilian peasants, when they sport  
On Ætna's fertile side, heed the fierce war  
Which rages 'neath their feet ; though from her base  
The tortured mountain trembles ; uttering,  
From time to time, deep sobs and groans ;  
And from her troubled entrails belching forth  
Ashes, and lurid smoke, and blazing flames,  
And ponderous fragments of half melted-rock,  
And desolating streams of liquid fire.

Of elemental strife what fancy dreamed,  
When on the morning of a Summer day,  
In princely galley, by this strife impelled,  
With goodly company, in joyous mood,  
We left Ardrossan shore. Full well I ween,  
To all of us it was indeed a day  
Of exquisite delight ; and fain I'd trace  
Our happy route, as merrily we wound  
From shore to shore ; and made, yea more than made,

The circuit of the isle, ere we returned  
At evening tide each to his peaceful home.

But onward I must go with greater speed  
Than sped our barge ; although reluctantly  
I pass unsung much that our eyes beheld.  
But on I press ; for now towards a close  
Must come at last my too extended song.  
Yes, I must pass in haste Cumbraes' sweet isles ;  
And mild and fertile Bute, and Carrick's shore,  
And Brodwick, and Lamlash, and Holy Isle,  
And Whiting-Bay, whose unpoetic name  
May less of grandeur intimate than boast  
The northern regions of this mountain isle ;  
But which in rural sweetness will not yield  
To any nook which north or south contains.  
Not from the sea its sweetness you discern ;  
But roam, as oft I've done, up Ashzel's Glen,  
And there contrast the little busy mill <sup>1</sup>,  
Of rural cheerfulness an emblem fit,  
With the faint vestiges of what was once,  
In days of other years, a house of God ;

With ancient church-yard still encompassed round,  
Where rude unlettered stones, now grey with eild,  
Mark where the worshippers beneath are laid  
In all the stillness of the oblivious vale.  
Pursue the path along the limpid brook ;  
Hark the sweet concert which its murmurings make  
With the hoarse cushat, and the mellow pipe  
Of sooty blackbird, and of speckled thrush  
Heard from the bosky dells, fringing the brook  
And tinkling runlets leaping from the hills ;  
List as they mingle with the surge's voice  
From ocean's verge, and with the hollow roar  
Of the bold cataract, where the wild stream,  
Weary of wandering through a moorland tract,  
At last beholds the sea, and lovely glen,  
And in its reckless haste through the ravine  
To reach its parent main,—in sheet of foam  
Dashes precipitous from cliff to cliff,  
With shout as loud as the Ten Thousand raised,  
Who having fought their way thousands of miles  
Through hostile lands ; gaining at last the heights

From which the Euxine opened to their view,  
 “ The sea, the sea,” with tears of joy exclaimed,  
 As if their native Greece were now at hand,  
 And all their conflicts and their toils were o’er \*.

But whither have I strayed, when now I ought  
 Onward so rapidly to steer my course ?  
 And onward I shall now in silence glide—  
 Silence which all the beauty of the isle  
 Upon the Southern and the Western shore  
 Shall not o’ercome ; no, nor the lofty North ;  
 Nor thou Lochranza, lurking ’midst thy hills,  
 Though scene more fitted to excite delight  
 And admiration rarely is beheld.  
 Nor needest thou my feeble note of praise.  
 Have not thy charms obtained for thee a bard  
 Who plucked a pinion from the eagle’s wing,  
 And with it in unfading colours sketched  
 Thine ancient castle, and thy inland bay,

---

\* Καὶ ταχὺ δὴ ἀκουοῦσι βοῶντων τῶν στρατιωτῶν θάλαττα θάλαττα καὶ πα-  
 ριγγωντων, κ. τ. λ. ANABAΣΕΩΣ, Δ.

The smoke ascending from thy hamlet lone,  
And the peaked summits of thy circling hills  
Smiling as greeted by the setting sun ?  
Thee mutely then we pass,—and pass the Cock,  
And pass the fallen rocks, and skirt the shore  
Adorned with steep and ivy-mantled cliffs,  
And hazel copses, and rich tangled dells,  
Whence eglantine, and honeysuckle sweet,  
And fragrant birch, wafting their rich perfumes,  
Tempt us to leap ashore and linger long.

And now our circuit seemed about a close :  
The blue rock we had reached, and full in view  
Lay the green woods encircling Brodwick towers  
When suddenly upon our sight there burst  
A captivating scene. 'Twas SANNOX GLEN !  
O for the pencil of an early friend  
Near Duddingstone's sweet lake ; and for the skill  
With which he makes the glowing canvas vie,  
Or with the loveliest or the wildest scenes  
The landscape can exhibit. Then a work



Would I produce, which would for ages live ;  
Then could I give to your admiring gaze  
Scenes which my willing but untutored Muse  
May try to represent, but try in vain.

So sudden and so striking was the sight  
When the sweet bay and mountain-circled glen  
As if by magic rose upon our view,  
That in astonishment we all exclaimed,  
“ How noble, how magnificent is this ! ”  
Our very blood ran chill with pure delight,  
Whilst we in rapture gazed upon the scene :  
And all that nervous restlessness we felt—  
That creeping of the flesh with which the voice  
Of soul-subduing eloquence we hear ;  
And which we feel, when listening to the strains  
Of Music married to immortal Verse ;  
And above all the melting measures sweet,  
And plaintive lays of our beloved land,  
When, raised by liquid voice of lady fair,  
They thrilling captivate the ravished heart.

The evening sun shone on the splendid scene,  
 Gilding the mellow summits of the peaks,  
 When Cìoch-na-h-ighinn \* first in grandeur rose,  
 Like stateliest daughter of the Anakim,  
 In virgin dignity and native grace.  
 Then Ceum-na-caillich † burst upon our view,  
 Like some vast pyramid in days of yore,  
 By superhuman power here piled on high.  
 Next Cìr-mhòr, ‡ in pectinated pride  
 And rugged grandeur, reared his massy crest.  
 Then Sue-Ergus, § like a giant huge,  
 Though long invincible, now laid supine,  
 And looking up as suppliant to the skies.

How truly wonderful these alpine heights !  
 Who can their hidden history unfold ?  
 Who tell their origin ? Is what we see  
 The mighty fragment of a nobler world  
 Than that which we inhabit ? Or remains

\* Maiden's Breast.

† Carlin's Step.

‡ Great Comb or Crest.

§ Fergus's Seat, the outline of which is very like the face of a giant lying supine.

Of ancient temple, where a race of men  
More potent than the mightiest now on earth,  
Met to adore the only Power that could  
A temple so magnificent uprear?  
Or formed these airy peaks which rise around  
An amphitheatre surpassing far  
Aught that the richest potentates and kings,  
In all the plenitude of wealth and power,  
E'er tried to raise? Do not these pinnacles  
Which lightly shoot into the middle air,  
In Fancy's eye no slight resemblance bear  
To ruined pillars of colossal form;—  
To columns of a nobler colonnade  
Than Grecian architecture ever reared?

But rest not satisfied with having seen  
From Sannox-bay these bold and striking peaks.  
Land near that house of God; the Glen pervade;  
Stop not till Ceum-na-caillich's highest cliffs<sup>4</sup>  
Thou'st bravely scaled, and ere the evening close,  
Return to linger round the lovely bay.  
Lovest thou solitude 'midst scenes sublime?

Here take thy fill ; for having left the bay,  
And the soft landscape close upon the shore,  
A grander, wilder, lonelier Highland glen  
Thou nowhere canst behold. The glen to trace,  
To mount the towering summits, and return,  
Hours of laborious effort will require ;  
Yet all the while, nor glimpse of face divine,  
Nor human habitation, wilt thou see.

Yet think not tenantless this noble glen.  
Here with wild note the wheeling plovers rise ;  
There whirring spring the snowy ptarmigan,  
And eke the blackcock bold on glossy wing.  
High 'mong the cliffs abrupt of Kier-vore  
The screaming eagle flutters o'er her nest,  
And stirreth up her young. And see where hang  
From Kiech-na-hean's peak the shaggy goats,  
Though steep as obelisk it mounts on high.  
Nay, ere you leave the glen, be not surprised  
Though the red deer start from his humble lair  
'Mong the deep purple heath, and bound away  
In all his branching honours o'er the heights,

And down Glen-rosa ; or across the wilds  
Which to Ben-vaaran lead. His stately step,  
His graceful motions, how can you behold  
And not confess within your raptured heart  
Feelings at once delightful and sublime.  
You honour him as monarch of the glen ;  
As of the ancient stock which flourished there,  
When royal BRUCE, and his most faithful friends,  
Traversed with hound and horn these rugged wolds,  
Rousing the sleeping echoes of Ben-ghoil ;—  
Waging, with arrows winged, unequal war  
With the forefathers of this antlered chief.

But you must leave this fascinating glen  
Ere the long shadows of the evening close ;  
And pondering linger by that house of God,  
Upon the margin of the limpid stream.  
Again survey the sylvan scene that lies  
Between you and the mountains left behind,  
Then own you will that it is rich and soft,  
Contrasting well with the wild scene beyond.  
And now towards the sea your eyes direct,

And feast them on the sweetly smiling isles  
Of Cumbraes, like two emeralds on the deep,  
And eke of lovely Bute, and lovelier isle  
Or milder clime is not in Scottish realm.  
Glance, too, 'cross Glotta's frith, and sweep along  
The circling range of Coila's classic shore  
From sprightly Largs to rural Ballantrae,  
And you may wander far before a scene  
So rich, and sweet, and varied, you behold.

But, lo ! a sudden change the bay pervades.  
Some hours ago, and not a sail was seen,  
And not a keel cleaving its peaceful wave.  
Along the beach, and on the sandy shore,  
All, all was still,—the picture of repose.  
Here sat two fishermen upon the strand,  
Mending their meshy nets. There other two  
Lay by a little fire of rotten planks,  
From which arose, in gently curling wreaths,  
The light blue smoke ; while they at leisure watched  
The melting pitch with which their fishing-boat,  
Ere evening tide, they purposed to careen.

And 'twixt these little groups some cattle stood  
In the cool stream, at noontide's sultry hour,  
In happy rumination ; and with all  
The placid aspect of contented ease.  
And on the bank, which somewhat farther up  
O'erhangs the brook, the kilted shepherd boy  
Delighted leant, watching the speckled trouts  
In graceful frolic gliding through the pool ;—  
While 'cross the bay, though every sail was set,  
A vessel slowly moved, seeming well pleased  
To linger near this fascinating spot.

But now how changed the scene ! A fairy fleet  
Methinks has filled the bay. The silver moon,  
Which dapples bright the undulating tide,  
Shews us a hundred sail of little skiffs,  
Playing like sportive swans upon the flood.  
And hark ! of those who man this pigmy fleet,  
The voices reach the shore ; not weak and shrill,  
Like voice of fays, but like the manly tones  
Of hardy seamen actively employed.  
A fleet of fishing-boats in truth it is.—

And oh ! how lovely is the sprightly scene !  
Of industry how sweet the cheerful sounds,  
While thus a morning feast provided is  
For thousands fast asleep throughout the land.  
And now the nets are set. For little space  
Silence ensues ; but silence broken soon  
By what the choirs seraphic might regale,  
And what is with acceptance heard by God.  
It is the praises of redeeming love,  
Raised from the tranquil bosom of the sea,  
In dulcet strains by distance softer made.  
The gladdened waves prolong the joyful sound :  
The zephyrs bear it on their balmy wings  
To the curved shore. The hills re-echo it,  
As if unwilling it should ever die.  
Even from Gennes'et's lake more joyful strains  
The Galilean fishermen ne'er raised.  
Look on that burnished wave, and think you not  
That like th' Apocalypst you now behold  
That splendid sea of glass, mingled with fire,  
On which, with golden harps, the ransomed stood,



Singing the song of Moses and the Lamb,—

“ Great are thy works, O Lord, and all thy ways

Holy, and just, and true ! Who shall not fear

And glorify thy name, thou King of Saints ?

What nation shall not come and worship Thee ? ” \*

He who at evening tide has slowly walked

Through village neat, and stopped from time to time

To hear the praise of the Redeemer rise

From lowly cottages, where dwell in peace

The excellent of the earth,—can well conceive

The pleasure which a pious mind must feel

In hearing thus His praises from the deep,

Who made the deep, and tames its wildest waves.

And yet no village scene e’er equalled this.

Here all are heard at once,—some from afar,

Sending their softened accents to the shore ;—

Some nearer land, raising from fervent hearts

Their louder notes of gratitude and praise.

Some who Adversity’s rough touch have felt

Pour forth a plaintive lay. Others on whom

Prosperity has laid her kindly hand,

---

\* Rev. xv. 2, 3, 4.

In cheerful strains their happiness proclaim.--  
But like the vernal music of the groves,  
Whether of cheerful or of plaintive kind,  
It is the song of love, the song of peace,  
Rising in sweetest harmony to Him,  
Who tenderly upbinds the wounded heart,  
And is the source of love, and peace, and joy <sup>5</sup>.

O that the blissful song of heavenly praise  
From all our villages, and all our streets  
Were daily heard to rise ! O that our fleets,  
Renowned in war, our bulwarks on the deep,  
Equalled in piety this fishing fleet.  
Then would our sailors brave, even braver be,  
And fearing God, would have no other fear \* ;—  
Then would they seek to conquer war itself,  
And haste the time when hostile fends should cease.  
Then would our British realm, already blest,  
Surpass in happiness aught known below,  
Since for revolt and disobedience foul,  
God our progenitors from Eden drove.

---

\* " Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et je n'ai point d'autre crainte."

Thus have we rambled in discursive strain,  
From shore to shore, from glen to craggy cliff,  
From north to south. From bold Ardrossan's towers  
Our flight began. The sea we crossed, and 'mongst  
The Highland hills, in happy mood, we long  
Delighted strayed : long, too, near Brodwick's towers  
Well pleased we lingered. If these castles hoar  
On this side and on that of the vast deep,  
Speak to our Scottish hearts, and lead us back,  
Till o'er the stream of Time the darkening mists  
Of long departed years begin to close,  
And bid us rather trace the brightening page  
Which of the warriors and the statesmen tells  
To whom from age to age those towers belonged :—  
If by those antique piles we oft are led,  
To think of those who from the strife of war,  
Or from the pomp and gaities of courts,  
Thither withdrew to taste the purer sweets  
Of rural pastime and domestic life ;  
To chace the antler'd herd ; to be the pride,  
And happiness, and joy, of faithful clans,

Whilst on their hearts they felt reflected back,  
The joy and happiness they sought to give :—  
If, with delight, we ponder on the past,—  
Say, can we stem the rolling stream of thought,  
From age remote incipient, and swelled  
By springs auxiliar, till the fleeting hour  
We thus beguile ;—nor with the mighty flood,  
Rush onward to the future ; from the past  
Gladly forecasting what is yet to be.  
Loves not the Muse to see in these old towers,  
Which at each other frown athwart the deep,  
A contrast meet for those two sprightly youths  
Who take from them their titles <sup>e</sup>? Does she not  
With joy anticipate the future fame  
Of the young chieftains who must enter soon  
Upon the busy stage of public life,  
The blooming honours of their forefathers  
So to sustain, that they may flourish more ?  
Yes, noble youths, with all the tender warmth  
Of love respectful, and sincere regard,  
Presumes the Muse to raise her pious wish,

That you may still, as now in life's fair morn,  
Prove all that could your friends, your native lands,  
Your country's king desire. May you your King,  
Your Country love ; but more than all your God.  
May you still cultivate, with ardent zeal,  
The splendid talents which your God has given.  
Then shall, ere long, your thunder shake the senate ;  
While selfishness at your indignant scowl  
Shall trembling shrink. Then also, overawed,  
Shall green-eyed Faction hide her many heads.  
Then shall the Muse of history rejoice  
To trace upon a page as yet unstained,  
What even remote posterity shall read  
With patriotic rapture ; and shall say,  
While the lip quivers with undying love,  
“ Such, Caledonia, were thy choicest sons.”

And now, my little Muse, a long farewell.  
If with the fellow-traveller of a day,  
Whose converse has the rugged road beguiled,  
Reluctantly we part ; how, without grief,  
Can I bid thee adieu, who kindly hast

On life's brief pilgrimage for a whole year  
My fellow traveller proved ? O'er hill and dale,  
With playful wiles, thou didst me long decoy.  
At times I own thy converse sweet appeared,  
And salutary, when the praise it spake  
Of Him whom my soul loves, although, alas,  
'Midst all his gifts, so coldly, feebly loves.  
Thou camest to me unsought, and as a friend,  
In bidding me adieu, thou kindly say'st,  
" Go, shepherd, tend thy flock : it is the flock  
For which thy Master shed his precious blood.  
Chiefly to it thy time and care devote ;  
It love and feed ; that when thy Master comes  
In righteousness to judge the quick and dead,  
Thou may'st rejoice with everlasting joy."

## NOTES.





NOTES  
TO  
CANTO I.

---

NOTE 1.

*While with a giant's, &c. (p. 4.)*

The harbour of Ardrossan, which is more like the work of a great nation than of a single individual, was formed by the late public spirited HUGH Earl of Eglinton, at the expence of about £100,000. To obtain materials for forming it, several of the rocky hills, around the old Castle of Ardrossan, were, literally, “wrenched from their base,” and cast into the sea.

NOTE 2.

*And thou majestic Arran, &c. (p. 5.)*

The Island of Arran, which is a prodigious ornament to the whole Western Coast, is about 16 miles distant from Ardrossan. It forms part of the shire of Bute. It contains about 100,000 acres, and is about 24 miles long, and 10 broad. The hills in the northern end are very high, and wild, and beautifully peaked. Goatfell (in Gaelic, Ben-ghoil) is 2960 feet above the level of the sea ; and forms,

with its kindred peaks, from the whole of Ayrshire, but particularly from Ardrossan and Stevenston, the nearest points of the coast to it, one of the noblest and most majestic objects.

“These insulated inhabitants,” says a foreigner, “possess all the qualities which distinguish the Highlanders. They have still that courage and enterprising spirit,—that attachment to their country,—and, above all, that generous hospitality,—which have, for many ages, honoured this nation. There does not exist in Europe, perhaps, a people who have preserved, in greater purity, the manners and customs of the most ancient times, than the inhabitants of the Isle of Arran. \* \* \* \* It was not without regret, then, that we quitted Arran; its hospitable inhabitants, its desert glens, its barren mountains, the solitary tombs of its heroes, and the wild beauties of nature, after having passed ten interesting days in the island.”—M. NECKER DE SAUSSURE.

### NOTE 3.

*Sweet Epipactis, &c.* (p. 5.)

This is *Epipactis ensifolia*, a rare and beautiful plant, somewhat resembling a magnificent orchis, or a stately white hyacinth. The only *habitat*, mentioned in HOOKER'S *Flora Scotica*, is Methven Wood in Perthshire; and Mr MURRAY, the superintendent of the botanic garden at Glasgow, told me that there he could find only one or two stunted plants. I have seen it in considerable abundance in the hazel copses near Whiting-Bay in Arran; and Mr GOLDIE, Monkwood-grove, has found it plentifully at the mouth of Sannox Glen.

## NOTE 4.

*And Mona's, &c. (p. 6.)*

A friend, who resides in Arran, has told me, that from the top of Goatfell, in a clear day, he has seen the Isle of Man and the Hill of Howth near Dublin. The north of Ireland seems near at hand.

## NOTE 5.

*Behold the lovely sundew, &c. (p. 12.)*

Though the description is better suited, in some respects, to the *Drosera rotundifolia* or common sundew, it was the *Drosera Anglica* which I then saw in all its magnificence. The common one is scarcely inferior to it in beauty. I met also with *Drosera longifolia*. DARWIN says of the genus *Drosera*.

“ Queen of the marsh, imperial *Drosera* treads  
Rush fringed banks, and moss embroidered beds,  
Redundant folds of glossy silk surround  
Her slender waist, and trail upon the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

As with sweet grace her snowy neck she bows,  
A zone of diamonds trembles round her brows.  
Bright shines the silver halo as she turns,  
And as she steps the living lustre burns.”

“ The leaves of this marsh plant are purple, and have a fringe very unlike other vegetable productions. And, which is curious, at the point of every thread of this erect fringe, stands a pellucid drop of mucilage resembling an earl's coronet. The mucus is a secretion from certain glands, and like the viscous matter round the flower stems of catchfly, prevents small insects from infesting the leaves. Mr WHEATLY observed those leaves to bend upwards

when an insect settled on them, like the leaves of *Dionæa muscipula*, and pointing all their globules of mucus to the centre, so that they completely entangled and destroyed it."

#### NOTE 6. (p. 13.)

What I have said, respecting the sundew being nourished by the dead bodies of the flies which it entangles, is a theory of my own, in so far as relates to the sundew, but I have little doubt that it is a correct one. *Drosera* bears a strong resemblance to the American plant *Dionæa muscipula*, whose leaves close, and kill the insects which tread on it. Sir J. E. SMITH states, with respect to it, that it is, to a certain extent, nourished by the insects which it thus catches.

#### NOTE 7.

##### *Pourtraying Satan, &c. (p. 18.)*

There is nothing so extravagant in this as some, who have not seen the scene, may suppose. One of the oldest and ablest of my College friends, when on a visit to me some years ago, went over to Arran, and, on his return, told me that when he got to the top of Goatfell, he was filled with astonishment not unmingled with fear. The cliffs were so precipitous, that it almost made him giddy to look down into the chasms, some of which were between two and three thousand feet deep. And when he looked around on the sharp peaks and naked pinnacles bristling up in this scene of horror and desolation, he could scarcely help thinking that they were the claws of the old Dragon ready to clutch him.

NOTES  
TO  
CANTO II.

---

NOTE 1.

*There, once dwelt, &c. (p. 22.)*

If any person should take the trouble to search for the ruins of this cottage, though he may miss them, he will see, what is of far greater value, one of the noblest glens in Scotland. On one side of the burn or rivulet, it is called Glen-rosa : on the other side it is called Glen-shant, which means the glen of enchantments.

NOTE 2.

*He viewed the Bass, &c. (p. 24.)*

The Bass is a rocky island on the East-Lothian coast, bearing some resemblance to Ailsa, though inferior in grandeur. They are both favourite abodes of the gannet or solan goose. Opposite to the Bass, on the mainland, is the ruined castle of Tantallan.

## NOTE 3.

*The wind with mournful sugh, &c. (p. 32.)*

*Sugh*, &c. An expressive Scotch word adopted by Wordsworth and Grahame.

## NOTE 4.

*Amid the calm—from Macrihanish, &c. (p. 33.)*

This is a very famous bay ; and it is the weather-glass of Stevenston Mause, though it is fifty miles from us. We often hear a tremendous roaring from the sea when it is quite calm on our shores. Our sailors assure us that this sound comes from Macrihanish Bay. It indicates south wind and rain ; and the south wind and rain generally come some hours after the sound has been heard. The bay is on the farther side of Kintyre, opposite to Campbelton ; and during a storm the Atlantic pours into it with tremendous fury and grandeur. As sound travels so far by water, I do not think it at all improbable that the sailors are correct in asserting, that the heavy sound we so often hear before a change of weather, is the roar of Macrihanish Bay.

## NOTE 5.

*In rushed the howling blast with angry swirl, (p. 37.)*

*Swirl* is a good expressive Scotch word, which I shall reject when I meet with a better English word to supply its place.

NOTES  
TO  
CANTO III.

---

NOTE 1.

*Her ducal tower, &c. (p. 45.)*

Brodwick Castle, or rather Arran Castle, the truly noble Highland residence of his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON.

NOTE 2.

*Of Holy Isle, &c. (p. 46.)*

“The Island of Lamlash is stretched across a spacious bay which it defends from every storm. Its Gaelic name, when translated, is Holy Isle, because St Molios (pronounced Molies), who was a disciple of St Columba, long chose it as the place of his residence. I saw his cave on the western side of the island.—Adjoining to the cave there is a spring of very pure water.—This spring has been long celebrated for its miraculous cures of every disease incident to the human frame.—This miraculous power was supposed to have been conveyed to the water in consequence of the

prayers and humiliations of the Saint ; and though the spring has long ceased to work miracles, the people still entertain for it a sort of superstitious veneration. The island (which is 1240 feet in height) may be two and a half miles long and about half a mile broad.—The Bay of Lamlash may be about three miles, in a right line, from its northern to its southern entrance, having the Holy Isle on one side, and the Isle of Lamlash on the other.—There is sufficient depth, at both entrances, for the largest ships of the line. Within there is good holding ground, sufficient depth for the largest ships, and room enough for the greatest navy to ride at anchor. In fact, this is one of the best harbours in the Frith of Clyde, if not in the world.”

HEADRICK'S *View of Arran.*

#### NOTE 3.

*A morning blithe ensues, &c. (p. 47.)*

This bay forms a most convenient refuge from the storm ; and as many vessels as would form a large fleet are often, in stormy weather, assembled in it. PENNANT says, “ We reached the harbour of Lamlash, where our vessel lay at anchor in the safest port in the universe,—a port perfectly Virgilian :

Hic insula portum  
Efficit objectu laterum.

A beautiful semilunar bay forms one part, while the lofty Island of Lamlash, extending before the mouth, secures it



from the east winds, leaving, on each side, a safe and easy entrance. The whole circumference is about nine miles ; and the depth of the water is sufficient for the largest ships."

## NOTE 4.

*And on their hearts as Hermon's dew descend, &c. (p. 50.)*

Family worship is very common in Arran. It commences with a sentence or two of prayer, raised by the head of the family, in his own name and in the name of all present, imploring the gracious aid of the Spirit of God in the exercises in which they are to be engaged. Then some verses of a psalm, or hymn, or paraphrase of scripture, are sung ; after which, a chapter of the Old or New Testament is reverently read by the person who presides. Then all kneel down, and the head of the family raises, in some cases a prepared, and in many cases an extemporary prayer, rich in the language of scripture, and, in general, highly creditable to the piety and the good sense of the humble worshippers.

In the days of our fathers, family worship was very general throughout Scotland ; and how beautifully has it been described by our Ayrshire poet BURNS, who had so often formed one in his father's house of the little circle of worshippers ! But how many are there now among our peasantry and villagers who must be numbered amongst " the families that call not on the name of the Most High." I would gladly hope that an improvement is beginning to take place in this

respect ; as a much greater number of persons in the higher ranks pay attention to religious duties now, than did so about thirty years ago ; and their good example, I doubt not, will have a salutary influence on the lower orders of society.

## NOTE 5.

*In crowds they hasten now to enter in, &c. (p. 51.)*

I have been officially employed on two occasions, when the sacrament of the Supper was dispensed at Lamlash. In the church, the service is in English till the first, and sometimes the second tables, have been exhorted ; and the first discourse in the tent is in English also. The Rev. Dr M'L——n of C——ie, was the person whose Gaelic I admired so much. I hope he will pardon me for making him speak so much less eloquently than I am sure he really did. He told me in English the *drift* of the discourse, which I thought excellent ; but all I now remember is, that there was an allusion to the death of Mr CRAWFORD, minister of Kilmorie, in Arran, who had been lost at sea, near the south end of Arran, some months before. Many of his parishioners were present ; and he might well be praised for his hospitality and kind-heartedness.

When I mention the names of the clergymen whom, on sacramental occasions, I have seen at Lamlash, it will easily be believed that they were regarded as times of refreshing.

The late Rev. Dr LOVE of Glasgow, the late Rev. Dr STEVEN of Kilwinning, the late Rev. Mr BAIN, Gaelic chapel, Greenock, the late Rev. Mr M'KENZIE, Gaelic chapel, Glasgow, Rev. Dr WILLIAM MUIR, of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh; Rev. Dr M'LEOD, then minister of Campbeltown; the Rev. Mr M'MILLAN of Kilmorie; and, though last, not least, my zealous and intelligent friend, the Rev. Mr M'NAUGHTON, the present incumbent, who was then one of the ministers of Campbeltown. The late Rev. Mr STEWART, who was at that time minister of the parish, feeling the infirmities of old age, devolved the duty, on these sacramental occasions, on his friends. The first year I was there, Dr MUIR preached the English action sermon; the second year, I preached it.

## NOTE 6.

*Thousands were placed, &c. (p. 55.)*

I have not been guilty of great amplification when I speak of thousands of communicants, for on that occasion there were seventeen hundred. The day was exquisite; and, on the whole, it was one of the sublimest and most delightful spectacles I ever beheld. There was the greatest decency and order; and, not only the appearance of piety, but I trust much real devotion. In the manufacturing districts of the Lowlands, tent-preaching has been brought into disrepute by the irregular conduct of numbers who flocked to the tents for any thing but for spiritual improve-

ment. BURNS saw the abuse ; and, in inflicting castigation, wielded, with too willing a hand, a scourge of scorpions. The consequence is, that throughout the manufacturing districts, the tents, with a few exceptions, have fallen, probably never to rise again.

NOTES  
TO  
CANTO IV.

---

NOTE 1.

*Seated myself upon a sloping bank, &c. (p. 66.)*

The situations in which the three churches of Dalry, and Kells, and Balmaclellan, in Glenkens, are placed, though very different from each other, are all so delightful, that it would be no easy matter to say which is the best.

NOTE 2.

*And lovely Glen of Holm, &c. (p. 68.)*

The Holm Glen, or the Garpel Glen, bounding on one side the garden of Holm of Balmaclellan, the country seat of JOHN SPALDING, Esq. of Holm. For this sweet seat and glen I have a strong hereditary regard.

## NOTE 3.

*Daily I saw Glenlee's romantic glades, &c. (p. 68.)*

Glenlee Park, the truly delightful Galloway seat of Lord GLENLEE, (Sir WILLIAM MILLER, Bart.)

## NOTE 4.

*And Kenmure's noble towers, &c. (p. 68.)*

The noble and delightful residence of Lord Viscount KENMURE.

## NOTE 5.

*Expands her waters to a beauteous lake, &c. (p. 68.)*

Loch Ken, near Kenmure, a fine sheet of water, about a mile broad (I speak without book), and nine miles long. As the Dee falls into it, the lower part of it is called Loch-Dee. The Dee falls into the sea at Kirkcudbright.

The banks of the Dee were rendered classical by LOWE, the author of "Mary's Dream;" and the banks of the Ken have been rendered classical by my late lively, and intelligent, and interesting friend, the Rev. WILLIAM GILLESPIE of Kells. Many dear, and respected, and deeply deplored friends, have lately been "wed away" from the banks of my native stream. Mr GILLESPIE's death was exceedingly affecting. On his return from his marriage jaunt, I dined with him and his amiable wife, and his affectionate sisters. He was then in the vigour of life, entering, as we all

thought, upon a long career of joy ; but in a month, alas !  
I heard that he was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, silver Ken, thy bard is fled !  
Yes Kell's bereaved, thy pastor's gone !  
And she so late a joyful bride,  
Is now, alas ! a widow lone.  
The cup of joy, full to the brim,  
Fell from her lip, while running o'er ;  
The flower just opening to the sun,  
Smiled once—and closed—to smile no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

## NOTE 6.

*The scenery wild, &c. (p. 69.)*

Lochinvar, in the parish of Dalry in Galloway, is one of the best trouting lochs in Scotland. JOHN GORDON, Viscount of KENMURE, is Lord LOCHINVAR.

“ O young Lochinvar is come out of the west.”

## NOTE 7.

*Or of my fears, or of my joys, &c. (p. 71.)*

This adventure took place in the wood of Earlston, the Galloway estate of Sir WILLIAM FORBES of Callander. Were I to fall in with this sweet glade now, instead of thinking of fairies, I would with pleasure reflect, that probably in this very glade, the truly noble proprietors of Earlston, in the dark days of persecution, met with the faithful followers of the Lamb, to worship God according to their conscience, and to read the word of life, the gospel of our salvation.

“ At this time,” says Wodrow, when giving an account of the battle of Bothwell Bridge, “ that excellent person, WILLIAM GORDON of Earlston, was killed by the English dragoons. I am informed that the predecessors of this ancient family entertained the disciples of Wickliff, and had a New Testament in the vulgar tongue, which they used to read in the woods about Earlston house.”

## NOTE 8.

*Pure as the alpine snows, &c. (p. 72.)*

The *Auricula* is a native of the Alps; and every body knows that the snowy whiteness of the eye is one of the great excellencies of a fine *Auricula*.

## NOTE 9.

*To bless me with her wisdom and her love, &c. (p. 72.)*

It is not wonderful that I should be fond of Edinburgh; for I spent eleven winters in it, and eight summers, till the rising of the Court of Session on the 12th July. It may be said, What city is delightful in summer? And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, a person's love of Edinburgh is greatly increased by his residing in it part of the summer. It is then that he sees the surrounding scenery in all its richness; and it is then that so many little excursions are made to places in the neighbourhood, not only delightful in themselves, but many of them invested with a classical in-



terest, which binds them to his heart, so that in sweet association with Edinburgh, they dwell in his memory as long as he lives.

## NOTE 9. \*

*Where, too, alas ! the gallant Miller fell, &c. (p. 80.)*

I had no intention of saying any thing respecting this gallant officer (Lieutenant-Colonel WILLIAM MILLER,) of the 3d Foot Guards, till I had written the words *Quatre Bras*. But as I resided six or seven years in the family of his worthy and most excellent father Lord GLENLEE, and there met occasionally with his amiable and beloved son, I have never, since his death, heard *Quatre Bras* mentioned without being reminded of this brave young officer, and of the affectionate family to which he belonged.

In SIMPSON'S *Visit to Flanders*, it is said "The instances of heroic deaths were as numerous as they are affecting. Colonel MILLER of the 3d Guards requested a last sight of the colours under which he had fought. He kissed them fervently, and begged that they might be waved over him till he expired. In allusion to this, Sir WALTER SCOTT, in his *Field of Waterloo*, says,—

"Saw'st gallant MILLER's failing eye,  
Still beat where Albion's colours fly."

## NOTE 10.

*With royal fern, &c. (p. 82.)*

*Osmunda regalis*, or royal fern, by far the stateliest of our British ferns, and very abundant on the rocks of the Kings' Coves, on the west coast of Arran.

## NOTE 11.

*Not of the ant, &c. (p. 82.)*

This tradition I have heard in Arran; but I first met with it in a note on *the Lord of the Isles*.

NOTES  
TO  
CANTO V.

---

NOTE 1.

*Like faithful satellite, &c. (p. 89.)*

“ The island of Plada is about a mile from the nearest (southern) point of Arran. It is a low and flat island, and contains about ten acres of excellent pasture. An elegant light-house has been constructed upon it.—The whole island consists of a structure of basaltic columns, mostly of the arenaceous species. On the east side, these columns are seen to rest upon white sandstone.”

HEADRICK'S *View of Arran*.

NOTE 2.

*For the wild fantasies, &c. (p. 89.)*

With this figure, I was furnished by a little boy, who, on observing Ailsa for the first time from our parlour window, cried out with delight, “ I see a whale !” It would have

been a pretty large whale, as it is 1030 feet above the level of the sea ; but then it was at the distance of 30 miles. The other comparison will seem natural to persons who have seen Jupiter or Saturn through a telescope ; and more particularly if they have seen Ailsa as I did lately, owing to the state of the atmosphere, seeming to be lifted out of the sea, and floating in the air like a huge balloon.

## NOTE 3.

*From old Kildonan's, &c. (p. 91.)*

The old Castle of Kildonan, on the Dippin Rocks, at the south end of Arran:

## NOTE 4.

*To the bold, &c. (p. 91.)*

Culzean, the noble seat of the Earl of CASSILLIS, opposite to Kildonan, on the Carrick coast, built on a rock overhanging the sea, and certainly one of the grandest residences in Ayrshire.

## NOTE 5.

*Save at intervals the heavy clunk, &c. (p. 96.)*

LORD BYRON uses *clank* in the same sense. I am aware that *clunk* is pure Scotch ; but it is preferable to *clank*, which, to our Scottish ears, is expressive of a sharp and often of a ringing sound, like that which iron emits when struck : whereas *clunk* is the hollow sound which water

makes under a vessel at sea, or in a jar or pitcher, which is not full. An honest farmer from Kilbirnie, having risked a sea voyage to Arran, had the pleasant variety of a storm as he returned. On reaching Saltcoats, he jumped ashore with great agility, and marched through the town, and never looked behind him till he reached the heights from which you have the last view of the sea. He then ventured to look back on the mighty ocean, and, with a sage nod of his head, said, "Ca' me a fool, if ever thou play *clunk clunk* at my *lug* again."

## NOTE 6.

*In silver shoals, &c. (p. 96.)*

Shoals of herrings, which emit a flash when any percussion is made on the vessel, and communicated to the water.

## NOTE 7.

*And worthy, too, the grateful Bruce to give. (p. 101.)*

"Pass by the ruins of Kirkmichel chapel: Visit Mr FULLARTON, descended from the MACLOUIS, originally a French family, but settled in this island near 700 years ago. ROBERT BRUCE, out of gratitude for the protection he received from this gentleman's ancestor, FERGUS FULLARTON, gave him a charter, dated at Arnele, November 26th, in the second year of his reign, for the lands of Kilmichel and Arywhonyne, or Straith-ouglian, which are still in the family. A mile farther is a retreat of the ancient inhabitants, called Torr-an-

schian Castle. Here ROBERT BRUCE sheltered himself for some time under the protection of MACLOUIS."

PENNANT'S *Tour*.

NOTE 8.

*To drop into the clay, &c. (p. 106.)*

It would not be doing the song justice to send it forth to the world without the air, as found in Captain FRASER'S collection of Gaelic airs.

"Now, thou'rt gone away."

Slow and soft.



## NOTE 8.\*

*Of heartfelt sorrow o'er Malvina's grave. (p. 113.)*

See OSSIAN's lamentation for MALVINA in the beginning of Berrathon. She was the daughter of TOSCAR, and OSSIAN had a great affection for her, both on account of her love for his son OSCAR, and for her attention to himself. Tradition says that FINGAL, the father of OSSIAN, often resided in Arran for the sake of hunting; and it also says, that OSSIAN was buried in this island.

NOTES  
TO  
CANTO VI.

---

NOTE 1.

*And there contrast the little busy mill. (p. 121.)*

The botanist would rather visit the mill-dam than the mill; for in the dam he would find the stately *Typha latifolia*. On the rocks around, he would also find *Cotyledon umbilicus*; in the surrounding meadows *Pinguicula lusitanica*, and *Anagallis tenella*; in the adjoining copses *Epipactis atrorubens* and *Osmunda regalis*; on the shore *Thalictrum flavum*, and abundance of *Convolvulus sepium* and of *Rosa spinosissima*; and at no great distance *Brassica monensis*, and *Vicia sylvatica*.

NOTE 2.

*Smiling as greeted, &c. (p. 124.)*

“ On fair Loch-Ranza streamed the early day,  
Thin wreathes of cottage-smoke are upward curl'd  
From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay  
And circling mountains sever from the world.



And there the fisherman his sail unfurl'd,  
 The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben-ghoil,  
 Before the hut the dame her spindle twirl'd,  
 Courting the sun-beam as she plied her toil,—  
 For, wake where'er he may, man wakes to care and toil."

*Lord of the Isles.*

### NOTE 3.

*How noble, how magnificent, &c. (p. 125.)*

We had been much delighted with Highland scenery during the day; but when we came to Sannox, there was a general burst of surprise and admiration. Every one of us acknowledged that it surpassed all that we had seen during the day; and some said, that, in all their lives, they had never seen any thing so grand. I had often seen it, but I never saw it to such advantage as I did then, from the deck of the steam-packet the Countess of Glasgow. The rapidity also with which we were shooting along, by imparting life and motion as it were, gave additional interest to this wonderful scene. I cannot suppose any person so destitute of taste as not to be charmed with this view. There is a combination of grandeur, and of airy lightness, which renders it very delightful.

### NOTE 4.

*Stop not till, &c. (p. 127.)*

A few days after I passed Sannox in the steam-boat, I took a solitary ramble up Glen-sannox, and to the heights at the head of it, though I had not the good fortune to find

an eagle's nest, nor the happiness of starting a red deer, which things have happened to other visitants.

## NOTE 5.

*And is the source, &c. (p. 134.)*

I am sorry that truth will not permit me to say, that the worship of God is kept up in all the fishing-boats which assemble in the Bay ; for at times there may be 200 boats, not from Arran only, but from many other quarters. It is quite true that the worship of God is kept up in part of them. And it is also true, that when several vessels from Arran happen to be lying in Ardrossan harbour at the same time, if you go down on a Sabbath evening, you may see the crews assembled together on one or more of the decks ; and one of the most venerable among them conducting the devotions of his countrymen, in their own language, singing and praying, and reading the scriptures. Highland scenery cannot fail to be delightful to persons of taste ; but to the christian, this is a more delightful spectacle than the finest scenery in the world.

## NOTE 6.

*Who take from them, &c. (p. 136.)*

The Marquis of DOUGLAS and CLYDESDALE, son of his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON, bore for some time the title of the *Earl of Arran* ; and the Earl of EGLINTON is *Baron Ardrossan*.

Had I had any fear of being thought guilty of flattery in speaking of these young noblemen in the terms I have done, this passage of the poem would have been omitted. I hope they will pardon me for the liberty I have taken. Every friend of his country must cherish the wish, that the high expectations which we are at present entitled to form respecting them, may be fully realized. To how many will their influence extend ! And how important may be the national plans which, ere long, they may help to form, and to carry into execution !



THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY

**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY**

**Los Angeles**

**This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.**

Form L9-17m-8, '55 (B333984) 444

**THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES**

UTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



000 367 172 4

PR Landsborough -

4375 Arran

L2a

PR  
4375  
L2a

